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MAR. 19, 1958

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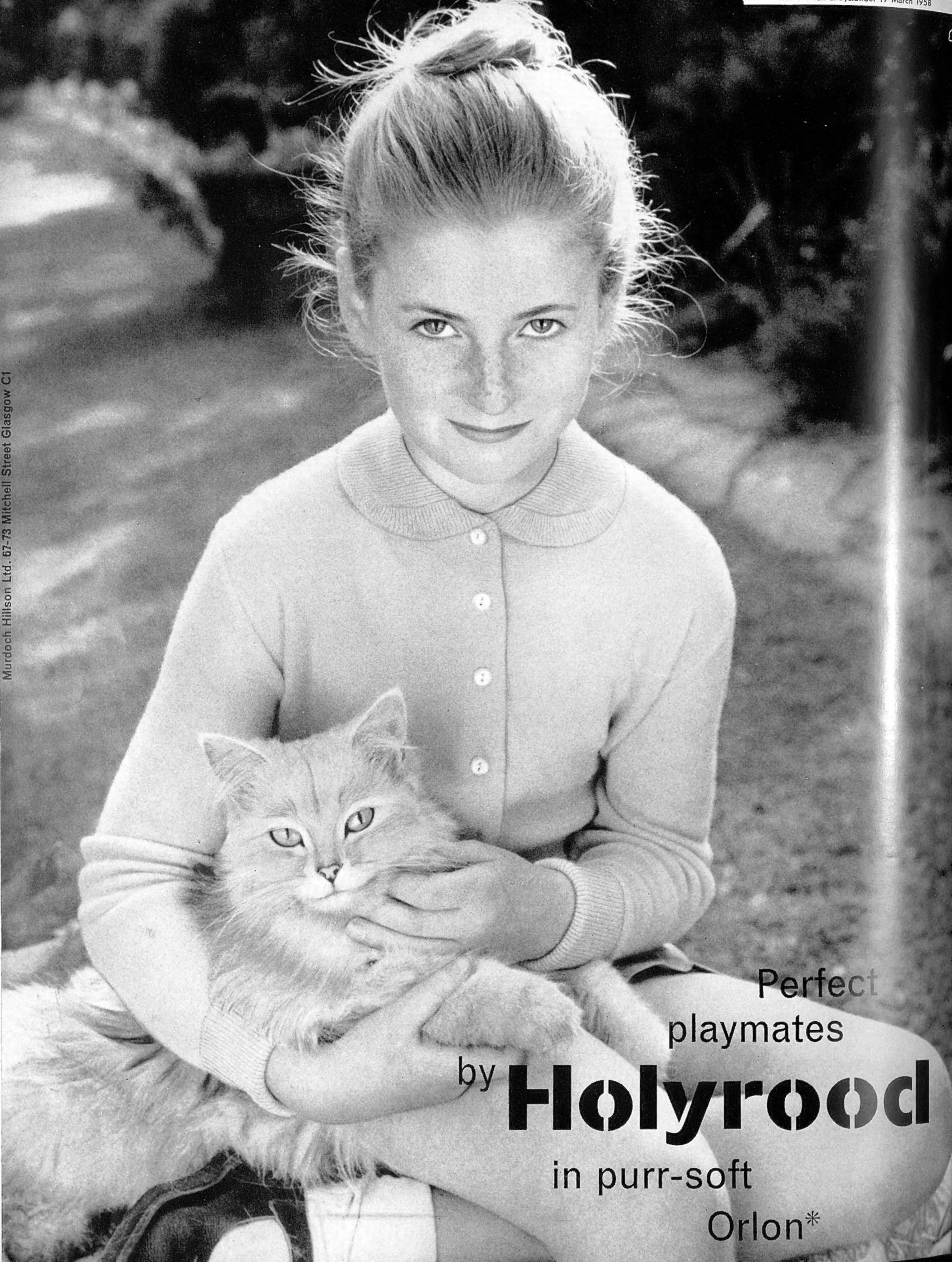
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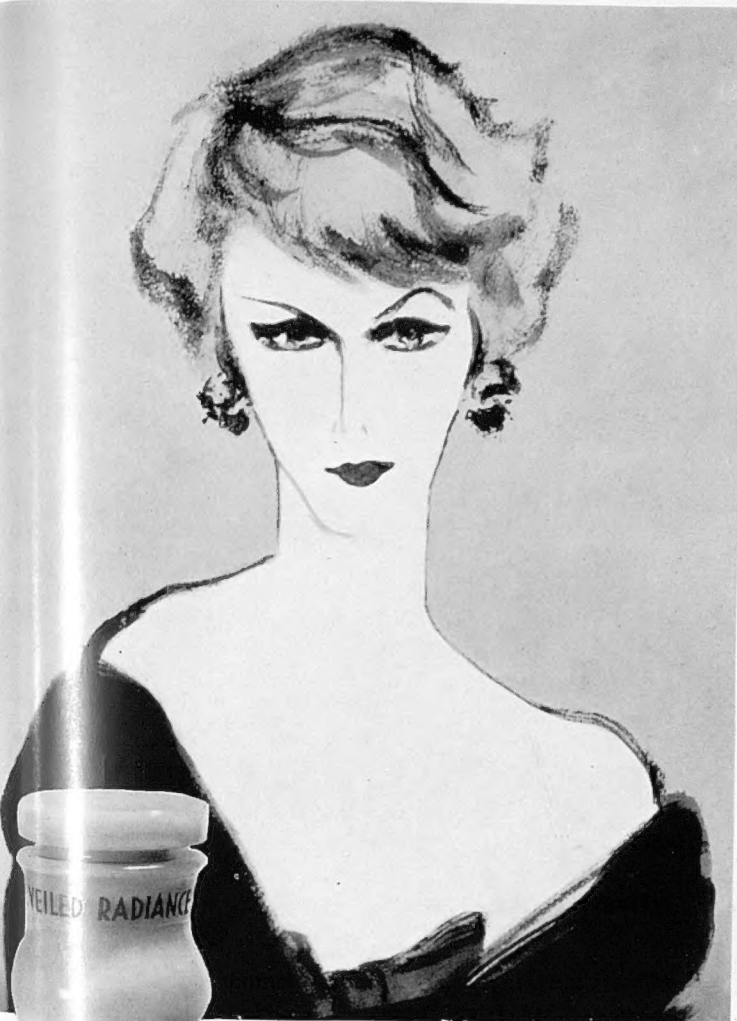






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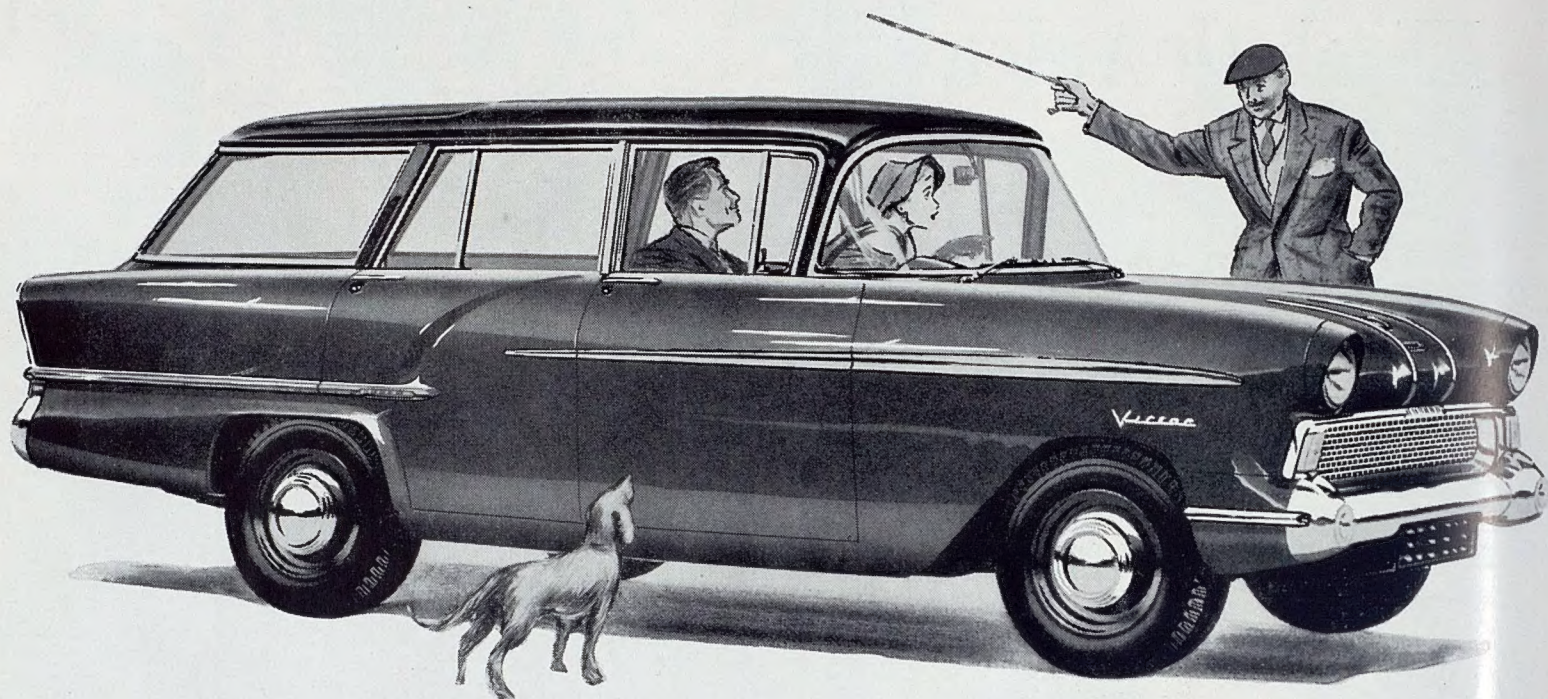
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SPRING BEGINS officially this week, and the hope is that the calendar will be matched by Nature. For now is the time when the green is due back on the trees; when bright—if brief—spells of sunshine make it pleasant to stroll again in the streets; and when warm coats are worn not so much for protection, but as an insurance policy against the treachery of March winds or April showers

## Diary of the week

FROM 20 MARCH TO 26 MARCH

### THURSDAY 20 MARCH

**Third Presentation Party** at Buckingham Palace.  
**Concert:** The Royal Choral Society and London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, will give a performance of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* in the Royal Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m.

**Ballet:** *Le Lac Des Cygnes* performed by the Royal Ballet in the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, 7.30 p.m.

**Royal Premiere** of the film *Dunkirk* at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, in the presence of the Queen and Prince Philip.

**Steeplechasing** at Lingfield Park, Wincanton and Woor.

### FRIDAY 21 MARCH

**Ballet:** *Miracle In The Gorbals* will be revived at the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, with Robert Helpmann as the guest artist.  
**Steeplechasing** at Sandown Park.

### SATURDAY 22 MARCH

**Point-to-Points:** Buccleuch and Jedforest (Friars-haugh), Grove and Rufford (Markham Moor), Harkaway Club (Chaddesley Corbett), Hertfordshire (Friar's Wash), Romney Marsh (East Guldeford), Sir W. W. Wynns (Malpas), South and West Wilts (Badbury Rings), Surrey Union (Tismans), V.W.H. (Cricklade) (Barbury Castle), West Norfolk (Sporle), York and Ainsty (North and South).  
**Steeplechasing** at Sandown Park, Buckfastleigh, Chepstow, Newcastle, Uttoxeter.

### SUNDAY 23 MARCH

**Concert:** At the Royal Festival Hall: The Philharmonia Orchestra, with Igor Bezrodny as solo violinist, conducted by Rozhdestvensky, 7.30 p.m.

At the Royal Albert Hall: A programme of Tchaikovsky played by the London Symphony Orchestra, with Shura Cherkassky as the soloist, conducted by George Weldon.

### MONDAY 24 MARCH

**State visit** to the Netherlands commences. The Queen and Prince Philip will visit Chelmsford and Colchester before embarking at Harwich in the Royal Yacht Britannia. They will sail for Holland in the evening.

**Steeplechasing** at Plumpton, Worcester and Lincoln.

### TUESDAY 25 MARCH

**Golf:** Sunningdale Open Golf Foursomes open.  
**Steeplechasing** at Lincoln.

### WEDNESDAY 26 MARCH

**Royal Gala Premiere** of *A Farewell To Arms* at the Carlton Theatre, Haymarket, in the presence of Princess Margaret, and in aid of the Dockland Settlements.

**Championship** of the International Poodle Club at Seymour Hall.

**Meeting:** The Duchess of Kent will attend the Alexandra Day meeting at the Mission House.

**Steeplechasing** at Lincoln and Fontwell Park.

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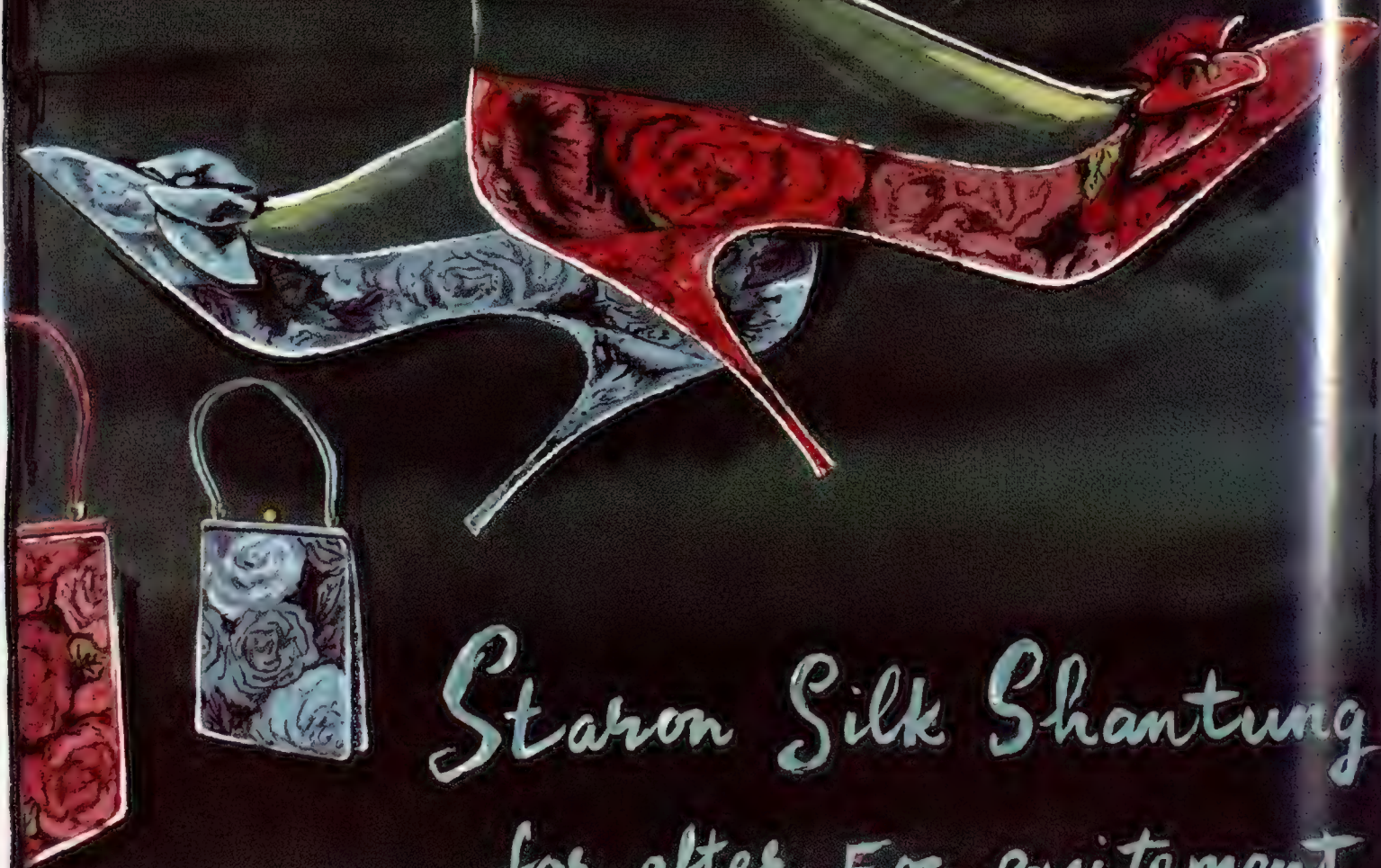


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# The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

Vol. CXXVII. No. 2958

19 March 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



P. BENJAMIN

## PERSONALITY

### Headmistress

MISS KATHLEEN DODDS must be tired of people who say: "You don't look like a headmistress." She is certainly tired of people who say: "I thought Heathfield was just a school for girls who are not going to do anything when they grow up."

Because Heathfield had this reputation, she was reluctant to become the headmistress when the post was offered to her in 1946. But she was then just in her thirties and, despite an ordinary English education at Bath High School and Royal Holloway College, she had strong ideas about what a girls' school should be. Heathfield gave her the opportunity to demonstrate them.

Miss Dodds says frankly that she doesn't like boarding-schools at all, and particularly not those that are modelled on boys' public schools. She thinks they have become set in a rigid mould of classical education, strict discipline and games-playing—an unnatural environment that produces, she considers,

unfeminine, uncultivated young women.

Miss Dodds has raised the scholastic standard of Heathfield and produced a more natural atmosphere. She chooses staff, both men and women, who have as broad an experience as possible and who have done other things besides teach. She encourages "accomplishments"—music, art, languages—and allows the older girls to go about as much as possible and drop organized games.

Perhaps her most interesting experiment is with her seniors, ten girls who are working for University, who include this term Princess Fadhila (who is to marry King Feisal of Iraq). They live in bed-sitting rooms in her part of the house, do not wear uniform and work on the tutorial system. This way, Miss Dodds hopes to bridge the gap between school and the outside world. Her own elegance, friendliness and cultivation—the theatre is one of her great interests—must do much to encourage growing up gracefully.



## SOCIAL JOURNAL

# My flying visit to the Bahamas

by JENNIFER

**I** FLEW out to Nassau on the island of New Providence in the Bahamas for nine days. I found the island bathed in glorious sunshine with a temperature of 72 degrees, and a rather belated winter season in full swing, with visitors out fishing in boats, sailing, playing golf and tennis, swimming and water skiing daily.

The much publicised strike had been settled a month before.

I flew out on B.O.A.C.'s direct flight, landing at Shannon for dinner, Gander to refuel, Bermuda, and on to Nassau, arriving 24½ hours after leaving London Airport. This was half an hour ahead of schedule. On my way back I plan to fly from New York in one of B.O.A.C.'s long range Britannias, about which I will write next week.

Lady Arthur, wife of Sir Raynor Arthur, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Bahamas, was at Nassau airport to meet her cousin the Duchess of Buccleuch, who had flown out from England on the same plane as mine. The Duchess, after a stay at Government House, was joining the former U.S. Ambassador, Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, and Mrs. Aldrich on their yacht for a cruise in the beautiful Caribbean waters.

On the evening of my arrival I went to a delightful dinner party given by Ann Lady Orr-Lewis at the Cumberland, where her guests dined out of doors at two tables. The garden of this favourite restaurant was packed with other guests dining at small candlelit tables, with a musician strolling around singing and playing calypsos. Lady Orr-Lewis's guests included

Christopher Dunphy (left) flew over from Palm Beach (or the day to be shown the new Lyford Cay golf course by Mr. Dick Wilson, who designed it. Mr. Dunphy is an associate of Mr. Wilson's in golf-course architecture

the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny, who had arrived that morning from Florida and Canada, and their host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Taylor of Toronto, who have a delightful home, Tamarind, high up in the centre of Nassau, and their pretty daughter Miss Lou Taylor. Also the Earl of Dudley, Sir Francis and Lady Peek, the Earl of Wilton, Mr. Billy Wallace, Mrs. Robert Holt, the Marquise de Casa Maury, who was staying at Lord Dudley's home Marion House, Prince and Princess Radziwill, who are staying at Lord and Lady Bruntisfield's house in Nassau, Mr. Robin McAlpine, and Mr. Harold Christie. After a delicious dinner, some of the guests went off to the Bahamian Club, where there is the local Casino and where you can also dance.

## The miracle of Lyford Cay

Next day I spent several hours going around what is undoubtedly the most fabulous island-resort development in the world, at Lyford Cay, 16 miles from the centre of Nassau. I had been over part of this land when I was out here two years ago and could not believe such a miracle could have occurred. Work started on the project 16 months ago, on six miles



## I GO TO A FAMOUS LUNCHEON PARTY

At her charming home Bali-H'ai, at Lyford Cay, Nassau, Mrs. Robert ("Babs") Holt gives Sunday lunch parties that have become famous. With her above: Col. Ilia Tolstoy, Ann Lady Orr-Lewis (right), and watchdog Tania

of north shore and many acres inland. With the help of giant bulldozers scooping up and clearing the swamps, dredging machines opening up new canals and waterways, giant "Cats" clearing the jungle, and dynamite charges that blast through hills to make 25 miles of new roads, the whole area is being transformed. Seventy-five new windmills have been installed and a plentiful supply of water is assured. The new yacht basin is well under way. Already an 18-hole championship golf course, designed by Mr. Dick Wilson, well known for his courses in the U.S., Canada and Cuba, has already been laid out and looks wonderful. This course should be ready to play on next winter.

The day I was there work began on building the actual golf club which, with a restaurant, will be ready by next December. This will eventually be adjacent to a luxurious residential country club—the Lyford Cay Club—with the ocean one side and the golf course the other; this, it is hoped, will be ready by the winter of 1959.

## A boat at your front door

I motored round to see the lots of land for sale. These are in several categories, 28 with ocean frontage and heavenly silver sandy beaches; others on the edge of the new canals being constructed to take seagoing yachts, which will connect with the yacht basin. These houses have the advantage that their owners will be able to have their boats moored at their front door! Then there are lots overlooking the golf course from a high ridge, and known as "hilltop lots."

All houses on the estate are to be architecturally controlled and have to have white roofs, which are most picturesque. There is to be a luxurious village shop, at present being used as offices for the development scheme, and another shop is to be built by the yacht basin so that you can shop by boat or car. When finished, which should be in about two years, this Lyford Cay Colony will certainly be a new millionaires' paradise. For the rich, Nassau still has the advantage of no death duties on money invested in land here by private individuals.

When I was making my tour I saw the Earl of Dudley's double-fronted ocean lot, on which he has already built a charming beach-house. This will in due course be adjacent to the main house, for which plans are under way.

Nearby, we walked round the deep and solid foundations, covering 6,000 square feet, which are the beginning of a house for Mr. Stephen A. Briggs of Illinois. He is President of the Outboard Marine. We then went past the two adjacent lots right on the ocean, owned by the Earl of Feversham, and on to see the long stretch of club frontage with its glorious beach. Later we motored round Clifton Bay where a new 15-foot channel is under construction running from the little dock. It will be finished this year. Among owners of lots on the coast on this lovely bay are Nancy Viscountess Astor, who is staying at the Brackens in Nassau with her daughter the Countess of Ancaster and her niece Mrs. Lancaster. Her son Viscount Astor, who was expected out here later this month, owns another lot.





Eddie Taylor, strolling here with the Marquisa Casa Maury, is developing a new millionaires' resort at Lyford Cay. They were guests at the cocktail-luncheon party, to which I was invited. Taylor, a Canadian, has a house in Nassau



The Earl of Dudley and Mrs. R. L. Marix, wife of Air Marshal Marix, of Mallorca, Spain, were there. The Holt home, on a narrow part of the island, overlooks the ocean on both sides and sheltered bathing is always possible



Mr. Carmen Messmore (left) and his wife motored daily into Nassau to play golf. He is a director of Knoedlers, the New York art firm. With them: Brig. C. D. McCarthy, from nearby North Point. The Messmores were house guests of Mrs. Holt's

So do the Hon. Reggie and Mrs. Winn, who have one on the other side too. The Earl of Dudley also has two more lots on this little bay.

The force behind this fabulous development scheme is Mr. Eddie Taylor from Toronto. E. P. Taylor, as he is widely known, is one of the greatest Canadians today, with vast interests from side to side of the Dominion. Among his many activities he has already completed one successful real-estate development at Don Mills near Toronto.

### At Government House

The Governor and Lady Arthur kindly invited me to cocktails at Government House during my stay, when, besides the Duchess of Buccleuch, I met Lady Bruntisfield who came with her sister Princess Radziwill, the Earl of Wilton, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Beaumont, joint-Masters of the Kildare hounds, who had come out from Ireland for some sunshine, Capt. Robert Cobbold, who is A.D.C. to the Governor, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chaplin, who have a house on Hog Island. I lunched one day with Major and Mrs. Herbert Holt at their home towards the eastern end of the island with a magnificent swimming-pool overlooking the ocean. They also have a house on Eleuthera Island, which they often visit. Mrs. Holt's cool and lovely pale green drawing-room was filled with home-grown spring flowers which scented the whole house. She said that though they always miss spring in England she still liked to have spring flowers in the house. Mr. and Mrs. Frances Williams from Cornwall were visiting them and among guests lunching were Lord and Lady Iliffe who also have a charming house in Nassau. They were both in splendid form, and Lord Iliffe, who, though over 80, still takes an active interest in business affairs, told me he was off to London three days later for the inside of a week to attend business meetings, and was then returning to rejoin Lady Iliffe in Nassau.

### Some guests on the island

I dined with Mrs. Fred Sigrist, who has had a succession of guests staying with her at her magnificent home on Cable Ridge. When I was there they included Vera Lady Broughton, the Earl of Dundonald, who had come on from staying with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vernay, and Lord Ennisdale. Mrs. Sigrist's lovely daughter "Bobo," now Mrs. Juarez Gregg, was staying in her mother's annexe with her baby daughter and husband.

The Hon. Lady Baillie has had a succession of guests staying with her at her home on Hog Island, including her son-in-law and daughter, the

Hon. Geoffrey and Mrs. Russell, her half-sister the Hon. Mrs. Eyans, with Capt. Robert Evans, Mrs. "Chessie" Amory, Mr. Guy Lambert, and Mr. Patcevitch. The Earl of Rosebery has been among Lord Beaverbrook's guests at his East Hill Street home. Mr. and Mrs. Carl Holmes have been entertaining a number of American friends at their home, Bienvenida, among them Mr. and Mrs. "Bussy" Scheffel, Mr. Jerry Gordon, Miss Josephine Hughes and Mr. Byron Froy.

I visited Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine at their nice home where they had Norwegian-born Mrs. Peto Bennet and General Kenneth Appleyard staying with them. I also went to see Brig. C. D. McCarthy and his attractive wife, who were down from Alberta and have a charming home, North Point, at Lyford Cay. Others I visited were Mr. and Mrs. Alan Miller who have another nice home here and Major Andrew Holt, who also has a house at Lyford Cay, where he is staying quietly. He recently lost his sweet and gay wife Jean, who died in New York in January.

### Garden dinner by candlelight

During my short stay I also called in to see Lady Robinson, who has a delightful home on Prospect Ridge, and another night I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Taylor at candlelit tables in the garden of their home, Tamarind. Later I went on to a party given by Sir John and Lady Carden at their new home on Cable Beach, near the lake on which Sir John keeps his motor boat for water skiing, at which both excel.

I went to a delightful buffet luncheon party given by the U.S. Consul, Mr. Temple Wanamaker, and Mrs. Wanamaker at their Cable Beach home, where many guests bathed before lunch in the attractive swimming pool. Among their guests, who numbered about 30, were H.E. the Governor and Lady Arthur, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and Sir Dudley and Lady Russell who are now running the out-island library so successfully started by the Countess of Ranfurly, wife of the former Governor. Others there were Mrs. Robert Holt, Sir John Mactaggart, Capt. and Mrs. Peter Fair, Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Williams, Mr. Mladen Jojkitch and Cdr. Dwight Paul.

While on the island I also met Mr. and Mrs. Suyden Cutting, who have a nice home in Nassau. Also Mrs. Donald McKinney looking very beautiful and the famous U.S. golfer, Mr. Tommy Goodwin, who when I met him had just played a round on the new golf course with Mr. Taylor—the first pair to do so! Among Canadian friends I met Mr. and Mrs. F. Stuart Molson from Montreal who were staying at the Country Club, and Mr. and Mrs. Hartland de M. Molson, who arrived on their yacht with guests on board



Sir Francis and Lady Peek have a new ocean-front residence in Nassau. Sir Francis has business interests in the Bahamas, and Lady Peek's parents lived on one of the islands. They have a son



## JENNIFER *continued*

who included Brig. and Mrs. Aird Nesbitt—he was A.D.C. to the Queen during her visit to Canada last autumn. Also Mr. and Mrs. Earle Spafford, and Mr. and Mrs. Carson Flood, both couples from Montreal.

Other visitors who have been enjoying the sunshine of Nassau recently are Lord and Lady Hardinge (the latter is recuperating after an operation), who came down from Montreal, where they now make their home, Sir Brian and Lady Mountain, who were staying at the Emerald Beach Hotel, and Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, who were at the Pilot House, which Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Hickman run so well. Mr. Stevens, I was told, had recently invested in land out here. Mr. Tommy Sopwith, another enterprising and enthusiastic young man, was out here fixing up business propositions, as well as enjoying some of the many outdoor activities of Nassau. Mr. and Mrs. Stirling Moss have moved into the house they have built in Nassau, and I met the Earl of Carnarvon who has been staying with friends.

One day I flew by a Bahamian Airways Grumman, which lands on sea or land, to two of the out-islands. First we landed off Bell Island, so far quite untouched by development in any way, with its five lovely sandy beaches. From here we went on to the Exumas, where there is already a landing strip, and lunched at the Peace and Plenty Inn at Georgetown, not far from the harbour. Both the inn and the harbour will be centres of great activity next month when the out-island regatta takes place here. On our way we flew over Stocking Island, where a few houses are beginning to spring up beside sandy beaches and over Derby Island owned by Capt. Hewitt, where there is just one big house and two lodges and a great number of palm trees, which help to provide a bird sanctuary.

Another day I flew over to Miami for a day's racing at Hialeah. It was a very easy flight in a scheduled B.O.A.C. Viscount, which takes 45 minutes, lands there in ample time in the middle of the morning, and leaves after the last race to get you back to Nassau in time for dinner. I was there for the Flamingo Stakes, worth \$135,000.00, approximately £33,000, of which 100,000 dollars go to the winner. This race has been won in past years by such famous horses as Citation in 1948 and Nashua in 1955, and is very often a pointer to the Kentucky Derby. This year the winner, after an objection for bumping, was Mr. and Mrs. Gene Markey's Tim-Tam, from their Calumet Farm stud.

Mrs. Elizabeth Graham's Jewel's Reward, who passed the winning post first, got placed second. Mrs. Graham, the founder of Elizabeth Arden, who also runs her horses in England, took the defeat very well.

### Parade of the flamingos

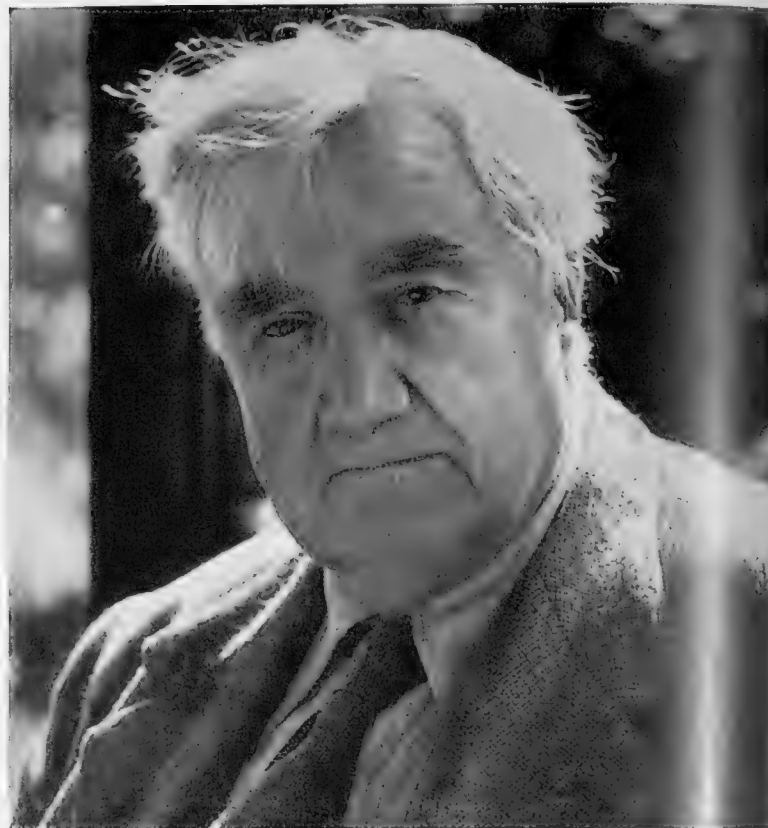
A picturesque interlude during the afternoon came after the fourth race, when about 200 flamingos from the ponds in the centre of the track were paraded round the racecourse, with many others of these birds circling overhead at the same time. Everyone, both men and women, tried to wear something pink, while pink flags with flamingos painted on them flew from all the stands and even the race cards and racing papers were pink!

Earlier I had lunch with Mr. Eugene Mori, the charming and very energetic President of this very fine racecourse, where you really do race in great comfort, even in the cheap stands, which I visited during one of the nine events. Mrs. Mori, who was also wearing pink, was a charming hostess, not only at their luncheon party given at two large tables in a corner of the open air balcony restaurant, where pink tablecloths and pink carnations were on every table, but also during the whole afternoon, inviting guests to watch racing from their box and dispensing hospitality in the cool air-conditioned Director's Room, where fine oil paintings (including one by Sir Alfred Munnings) adorn the walls. I met their son, Mr. Eugene E. Mori, Vice-President and Treasurer of Hialeah racecourse.

Among those racing that day were another Vice-President Mr. Walter Donovan, the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny who flew over from Nassau with Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Taylor, who had a runner, but alas not a winner, in the fifth race, Sir Victor Sassoon, owner of two of our Derby winners, who also flew over from Nassau with a party of friends including Mr. and Mrs. Jim Mullion, who race in England and have a stud farm in Ireland, and Mr. and Mrs. Hughesden, who also own several horses. I met Sir Denys and the Hon. Lady Lowson in the paddock with Mr. and Mrs. Webster, the Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry who were staying with Mr. Howard Bell at his house at Palm Beach, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Hughes Gibbs, Mr. Robin McAlpine, who lunched in the President's party, Capt. and Mrs. Robin Hastings, who were on their way home from Peru, and Mr. "Bull" Hancock who has bred many good winners at his Clairborne Farm Stud, and had Nadir running in the Flamingo Stakes. Also racing were Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Guest, Mr. and Mrs. George Widener, who brought off a double with Pundit and Night Hour, Mr. H. A. Luro, the very successful trainer, and his attractive wife, Mr. John S. Phipps and Mr. Frank More O'Ferrall.



## NEWS PORTRAITS



ALLAN CHAPPELOW

**SYMPHONY** The 85-year-old composer Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams, O.M., has a new symphony—his ninth—which will be performed for the first time at the Royal Festival Hall in London early next month



**TOAST** The Cambodian Ambassador, H.E. Sam Sary, drank a toast at a reception at Claridge's on the anniversary of the accession of his monarch, King Norodom Suramarit. The King succeeded to the throne in 1955, when his son abdicated





**ENGAGED** Miss Frances Sweeny is to be the bride of the Duke of Rutland. Aged 20, she is the daughter of the Duchess of Argyll and is Roman Catholic. Her fiancé is 38. Their engagement follows a Middle East holiday on which the Duchess accompanied them. The wedding will be in the summer



BETTY SWAEBE

**HOME COMING** Back for her first season in London for six years is Mrs. William Heinemann, who is presenting Miss Elizabeth Barlow. She has been living in the West Indies, where her husband worked for Limmer & Trinidad Lake Asphalt



**ALOFT** Mr. James Woodford, R.A., sculptor of the Queen's Beasts for the Coronation, is carving a crest on the Uganda Govt.'s new Trafalgar Square offices. He works on scaffolding 20 ft. up



**OWNER** The Grand National favourite, Wyndburgh, is owned by Miss Rhona Wilkinson, daughter of Major Wilkinson, who owns a farm at Hawick. Miss Wilkinson takes the horse out for herding cattle and sheep



**COOK** Trying out her spaghetti is debutante Susan Yorath, grand-daughter of Sir Eric Bowater. She is one of many Society girls learning cooking at the Tante Marie School, Woking. Sir Eric heads Bowater Paper Corp.





The tartans swirled in Mayfair when the Highland Society held its Highland Ball at Claridge's. Above: Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie dances a reel with Mrs. C. Heywood, wearing the Macdonald of Keppoch sash

## The HIGHLAND BALL



Miss M. Portal and Miss Jean Malcolm, a ball organizer, wearing the Duff sash. With them: Mr. David Scott, the ball chairman, and Dr. Archibald Erskine. Pipers of the Scots Guards played for the reels

## How to break your leg in fun

by MICHAEL PERTWEE



**T**HOUSANDS of middle-aged folk are missing a wonderful experience on the false assumption that one can grow too old for winter sports. I can solemnly assure such timid souls that this is not so. It is just as easy to break a leg at 60 as it is at 16. If the middle-aged reader will carefully follow my advice I can guarantee him as good a winter break as any athletic teenager.

First, having reached your resort, it is essential to ski on the first day. Therefore, you must hire boots and skis for one day (rarely more). You will then join the Ski-School, starting in the bottom class. This will probably be held in a howling blizzard, but do not be deterred. The fouler the weather the more enthusiastic we must be.

The initial outing is a safe, but exhausting, visit to the Nursery Slopes. The Instructor will lead his class up a small, frozen precipice. This is achieved by going up sideways like a crab, with the skis horizontal to the slope. On an average, the Beginner falls headlong, or rearlong, to the bottom some 15 times before finally reaching the summit, where instruction on how to descend under control should begin. But the sheer physical effort required merely to reach the summit is about as much as the normal middle-aged contestant can take and he is therefore well advised at this stage to pack it up for the day and retire from the class. Naturally, the Instructor does not care for this and anyone who feels embarrassed by his wrath, or the giggling of the young girls who probably make up the rest of the class, can pretend to have twisted his knee. He should moan once or twice, wave feebly then seat himself on the skis and toboggan down the precipice towards the nearest bar.

So much for practical ski instruction. But during the five days' rest prescribed after this preliminary tumble it is advisable to learn something of the theory of ski-ing.

There are two conditions highly perilous to the Beginner—soft snow and frozen snow. The Beginner will find he is always faced with one or the other.



**THE ROUNDAABOUT**  
AUTHOR this week is the well-known writer, just back from Kitzbuhel

Ideal conditions—crisp, powdery snow—invariably existed before he arrived or come on the day that the ambulance calls to take him to the railway station.

In conditions of frozen snow the Beginner will find that walking in the town streets is a tricky business. It is advisable to adopt the crabwise position learnt in that first ski lesson. It is slow. It causes laughter, but it gets you there. At all costs he should avoid using any steps in the town, even if this means a deviation of several kilometres. It is reliably reported that the positioning of the ice on these steps has been worked out by local doctors whose incomes have fallen off since the universal adoption of safety bindings on skis.

In conditions of soft snow, walking is easier if unpleasant. But here another peril awaits the unwary Beginner. Soft snow means Thaw and Thaw means that snow falls off roofs. Now, hanging from all the gutters of all the roofs are icicles which can vary in size from a small (but lethal) dagger size to the Megaton type, some four feet long. They

are strong, finely-tempered and needle sharp. They hang there like so many Swords of Damocles then suddenly descend propelled by half a ton of soft snow, killing instantaneously anyone beneath.

The Beginner is therefore advised only to walk in the very middle of the street where he is safe except for minor ice shrapnel wounds. These, as a matter of fact, can be useful in keeping one off the Nursery Slopes for a few, precious extra days.

The drill for walking in the town streets must not be confused with that for walking outside the town. The roads here present an entirely different problem. They are narrow—wide enough for only one car. Like everything else they are covered with snow. Various possibilities are presented to the Beginner when he meets a car coming down one of these roads. (A) He can stand his ground and raise a warning arm. This results in instant death, for the car cannot stop. The driver does not even bother to apply his





Miss Fiona Sprot wore a pink ball dress. Mr. L.F. Sandys-Lumsdaine, her companion, wore the Lumsden tartan

Miss Carina Boyle, who is a friend of Princess Margaretha of Sweden's, watching a dance with Mr. Malcolm Frazer

Col. and Mrs. A. Hanbury-Bateman. Besides London Scots, many guests came south to attend the ball. About 260 attended



Miss Judith Allanby dancing with Mr. David Miers

Lady (Francis) Head and Mr. Alexander Ballingal

Miss Anne Wilmot and Mr. Rory MacPherson.

Miss Marian Rich with a Hunting Stewart sash, and Mr. James Harvey

DESMOND O'NEILL

brakes, since they have no effect. (B) He can stand to one side hoping that the car has room to pass. It hasn't. It will hit him a glancing blow and hurl him over the snowbank at the side of the road. (C) He can hurl himself *immediately* over the snowbank at the side of the road. This is the safest course. Only rarely does he fall more than 150 feet and, in conditions of soft snow, this is unlikely to be fatal.

One of the highlights in the skier's life is the trip by cable-railway up to the mountain peak 3,000 feet above the town. A first impression is that only very fat skiers do this. This is not so. The explanation is that people attempting it always wear six sweaters. If you are to break a leg you *must* try to break it *high up* the mountain far away from civilization where it takes some hours for the rescuers to reach you, but to die of exposure is considered almost as bad form as breaking your leg within easy reach of the town.

The Beginner, contemplating a visit to the mountain peak, must take careful precautions. First he must buy a *return* ticket so as to be certain of returning by cable car. Secondly he *must* take skis even though he isn't going to use them—for going up the mountain just to look at the view or to take photographs is considered even worse form than dying of exposure. If he feels embarrassed about this he can always adopt a limp as he returns to the cable car.

The ascent itself is not without its perils. At least 300 people—all armed with skis (another reason for bringing them)—fight and push their

way towards the ticket office and eventually the car. There is a splendid daily crop of casualties during this, mostly among children and old folk. Broken limbs are rare, but crushed ribs, the odd pelvis and an occasional suffocation help to keep the doctors happy.

The journey up the sheer face of the mountain can be a wonderful experience, provided you keep your eyes tightly closed.

Finally, the Beginner should not be panicked into being the first off at the top. The inventors of the cable railway have developed a clever trick which invariably catches unwary survivors of the fight below. The car stops, the doors open. The Beginner steps out. At this moment the car starts to shoot backwards down the mountain then moves sharply forward again. I have seen as many as ten people felled like ninepins in this way.

Space does not permit me to expand further on collisions, avalanches and other perils which constantly arise, but I hope I have shown that the middle-aged Beginner can have just as much fun as his younger brother and without having to do more than *one hour* of actual ski-ing.

Oh yes. . . . One final word of warning. Beware of the stone floor outside the bar of your hotel. Little patches of snow lie there, kicked off ski-boots. They form hard little pellets and lie in wait like marbles. That is where I met my doom but I am already on the mend and next year I will know better. . . .





# Why censor the stage?

by BENN W. LEVY

THERE are certain laws of the land which provide a check on obscenity, blasphemy, libel and sedition. We are all bound by them. But, subject to these boundaries (which after all are drawn with our collective assent), we can say or write whatever we please—unless, of course, we happen to be writers of plays.

In that case, and in that case only, we must conform not only to the law of the land, like everybody else, but also to the unforeseeable whim of a member of the Queen's Household, with an office in St. James's Palace. This official, the Lord Chamberlain, has a number of miscellaneous duties in addition to that of deciding what is or is not fit for his fellow-citizens to listen to in a theatre. He is in charge of the Royal Bedchamber, the Wardrobe and the Guardroom. His is the task of vetting would-be debutantes. It is for him to appoint the Royal physicians and tradesmen. The arrangements for Royal christenings and funerals are his responsibility. It is his duty to conduct the Sovereign in and out of her motor-car.

Now it may not be immediately apparent that a man well qualified for these assorted functions should also automatically be an ideal arbiter of the arts. But then, as so often in our Constitution, the saddling of the Lord Chamberlain with censorial responsibilities arose more from historical accident than design. And, when all is said and done, if we are to appoint a functionary charged with the impossible task of issuing just judgments not according to law, but according to taste, we may just as well pick him with a pin. The case against the Lord Chamberlain is not that he does the job worse than the next man, but that the job imposed upon him cannot and should not be done.



MR. BENN LEVY, the playwright, whose latest success, *The Rape Of The Belt*, is now running in the West End, is a leading opponent of Britain's theatre censorship. He writes this onslaught at a time when the system is being increasingly brought into contempt by the device of theatre clubs, which are growing in popularity on the strength of being able to present unlicensed plays

In fact, the present Lord Chamberlain, like his immediate predecessor, is a tolerant and enlightened man. The same is certainly true of his senior staff. And—in a way—more's the pity. If only these unfortunate gentlemen, faced with an impossible task, were less diffident and well-intentioned than they obviously are, their activities and their errors would outrage public opinion more sharply than they do and we should be rid of the whole nonsense.

Even as things are, they frequently and inevitably find themselves running into public ridicule. So would any man in their shoes; for they are asked to make objective judgments where only subjective judgments are possible. To have banned Ibsen's *Ghosts*, Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession* and Brieux's *Damaged Goods* (to mention only a few) on grounds of immorality, or *The Mikado* and *Twelve Nights In A Harem* on grounds of political expediency (after a hint from the Japanese and Turkish ambassadors respectively!), or a play about Rossetti because some remote surviving relation protested, or Laurence Housman's *Pains And Penalties* because it treated the unhappy Queen Caroline more sympathetically than George IV, may lay the Lord Chamberlain open to derision and indignation. And innumerable mutilations of text have often been quoted that are more outrageously ludicrous still. But in fairness it should be remembered that there is no man on earth who, forced into so anomalous a position, would not find many of his judgments attacked by contemporaries and unanimously derided by posterity. The fault is in the office, not (at present) in its officers.

The latest instance to provoke public protest is a play by Samuel Beckett. It has been licensed and performed here in French, but before licensing performances in English the Censor, it appears, has cut out a vital passage. Was it originally licensed on the assumption that people who go to see a French play cannot understand French? Or because, if they can understand it, they must be presumed so far gone in corruption as to be beyond salvation even by the most fatherly of censors?

Then there is the anomaly of the Club Theatre where no censor's writ can run. Why is it presumed that by joining a theatre club we no longer stand in need of a censor's solicitude and that by failing to join we reveal ourselves as in need of it? Perhaps the argument is that less than 100,000 of us are likely to see a demoralizing play at a club whereas many more than that number might have been depraved by it in a free theatre? And the morals of 100,000 perhaps do not matter? Or is the intention to teach wicked authors like Sartre, Tennessee Williams, Ronald Duncan and Arthur Miller a lesson by thus ingeniously limiting their royalties?

The tie-up with the Palace is additionally unfortunate. We in England do not, of course, hold the Monarch responsible for her Lord Chamberlain's decisions, but abroad the distinction is by no means clearly appreciated. That is why, if you wish to criticize a foreign regime or policy, be it that of Hitler, Stalin or Mr.



THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the 11th Earl of Scarbrough, is the court official who censors plays. "A tolerant and enlightened man," says Mr. Levy, "with an impossible task."

Dulles, you will have to do it in a book or a speech or a newspaper article, but not in a play—which is inconvenient if you happen to be, by nature and training, only a playwright. Only recently, soon after Lord Scarbrough had very sensibly licensed *Lysistrata*, there were banner headlines in a French newspaper and a full-length article pointing out that this demonstrated how seriously the Queen's influence was declining since she could no longer control even her own Lord Chamberlain!

All this silliness, all this injustice and all the damage that is inevitably inflicted on the English theatre by conditions which must discourage serious writers from writing for it can be stopped in one way only: abolish the censorship. Put dramatists and audiences under the protection of the common law. There is no reason in the world why they alone among British citizens should be deprived of it.

I make one important caveat and this for the protection of managers. They fear, as newspapers once did, the nuisance of frivolous and unwarranted prosecutions and the interference of local licensing authorities who might use their position to impose little local censorships of their own. The Bill for Abolition laid before Parliament in 1949 provided protection on both counts. It laid down that no prosecution should be brought without the prior consent of a Judge in Chambers. (This device was copied from the Newspaper Act of 1888.) It also laid down that no manager should lose his theatre licence because of his choice of plays, but only if he failed to keep his theatre safe from fire, &c., or used it as a disorderly house.

Managers are entitled to these two protective clauses, once the quasi-insurance of the Lord Chamberlain's license is no longer available. But, subject to these provisions, can we not now at last join the countries who prefer free speech to censorship? I doubt if we are more likely to be corrupted by it than they.



## Fashion and flowers at the Primavera Ball



IN HALLAN

In the Savoy ballroom a model displays an afternoon gown from the Spring Collection of Mme. Zoe Fontana of Rome. The presentation of these dresses was a highlight of the evening. Another feature was the carnation decorations

A noted connoisseur, Mr. Roland Bramley, was a member of the Ball Committee. He was showing Miss Avril Humphries the sucking pig which was a tombola prize



The chairman of the Ball Committee, Lady Bowden, was with Mr. T. Newton-Woof and her husband Sir Harold Bowden, the industrialist



Committee member Contessa di Thiene, with a vice-president, Count Mark Pejacevich. The event was in aid of refugees who have come to Britain and other host countries

Italian-born Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft was the Ball President. At the table with her was Lord St. Oswald, one of the patrons



Mr. Kenyon Jones, head of the Ronson Lighter Co., and Mrs. Charles Dickson, whose husband is a director of Crompton, Parkinson, the electrical firm, and Skyways





Spring shows open today  
in Guernsey and  
at Bournemouth, starting  
the flower-show season,  
which flourishes nowhere  
so widely as in Britain

## Where flowers bloom for the prizes

by BETTY HAY

ROYALTY takes a deep interest in horticulture. The Chelsea Flower Show, at which this picture of the Queen Mother was taken (above), is regularly visited by members of the Royal Family.  
Below: A typical exhibit at a local show



PROBABLY about 10,000 flower shows are held in Britain every year. We know that there are about 6,000 horticultural societies, large and small, that hold flower shows, and in addition to these there are countless small shows organized by women's institutes, offices and works' staffs. The small ones may have 100 or so entries, while at the other extreme are the vast exhibitions staged by the Royal Horticultural Society, municipalities like Southport and other large cities. In many of these shows, of course, the amateur competitive element is of less importance than the lavish exhibits displayed by the trade.

What are the present trends in flower shows? The village show, as we have known it for so many years, is running into increasing difficulties. In the old days the local squire came to the help of the organizers, often lending two or three men and a horse and wagon to set up the marquees and take them down again afterwards. Today the squire has probably no men and no wagons to spare. It is usually left to one or two enthusiastic members of the community to do all the work—or as much of it as their time and energy permit—and after that they are either lucky enough to find a few willing volunteers, or have to hire local labour.

Organizers are also coming up against other attractions; television for example. But if some traditional flower shows are maintaining their position with difficulty, the new type of exhibition, consisting solely of flower arrangements, is flourishing conspicuously. Flower arrangements, too, are now taking an important part in the traditional shows. Indeed, in many of them, space for flower arrangements is in such demand that it has to be rationed.

Perhaps one of the worst features of the competitive amateur show is the "aggregate of points cup." This trophy attracts the type of exhibitor who will enter every possible class in the schedule with produce which often cannot hope to win more than a second or third prize; but with these prizes he will gain an initial point or so to help him towards his aggregate. This means that plenty of produce is exhibited which is really unworthy of



presentation. If we enter a flower show, we should do so in the hope that we shall get first prize, and not second or third.

Apart from the fun the exhibitors get from a show, there is a good deal of interest and experience that the visitors may derive from it. By making a careful study of the varieties that win the prizes, the visitor can see which are most suited to the local conditions, and he can get some idea of the level of excellence that he may hope to obtain in his own garden. Then, too, the existence of competitive flower shows acts as a tremendous spur to the raisers of new varieties of flowers, fruits and vegetables. There are always plenty of keen gardeners who will buy a packet or a plant of a novelty, at novelty prices, in the hope of wiping his neighbour's eye at the flower show. The existence of a ready sale for novelties encourages the raisers to invest time and money in the often lengthy process of producing a new variety.

The healthy and prosperous flower show is one of the most important activities of a horticultural society, and the existence of thousands of active horticultural societies is something of a valuable national asset. During the war Britain was virtually the only country that had a ready-made network of organizations to further the food production campaign, to advise and assist the beginner, and to arrange local propaganda for the "Dig For Victory" campaign. We do not realize how much Britain owes to the enthusiasm of horticultural-society members, both in improving and beautifying our towns and villages, and in producing fresh fruits and vegetables.

Anyone who has never assisted in the preparations for a flower show would be amazed at how much careful thought and planning has to be put into it. One question is whether to spend even more money—at quite a high rate of premium—insuring against a wet day. Sometimes the organizers are doubly lucky. If sufficient rain falls, say between 12 and 1 o'clock, it may enable them to claim the insurance money and if clouds then roll away and a beautiful afternoon follows they may get a bumper attendance as well. On such rare occasions, the society will make two handsome profits, and be set up for years ahead.

Most troubles seem to occur in the preparation of the schedule. It is doubtful if the perfect schedule has yet been prepared—a schedule entirely free from ambiguity, and acceptable to every exhibitor. Endless committee meetings are usually needed before agreement is reached, and every year some amendments are usually necessary to take care of changing circumstances. But life is easier now for show organizers, because the Royal Horticultural Society has published a little booklet, *The Horticultural Show Handbook* (Royal Horticultural Society, Vincent Square, London, S.W.1, price 2s.). Armed with this, boundless enthusiasm and unlimited patience, even today many thousands of horticultural-society committees are able to bring pressure to countless garden-lovers, and to stage exhibitions that can pay their way.

The flower show is something deeply ingrained in the British tradition. There is nothing quite like it in Continental countries. The French "marchés" have, of course, been popular for centuries, but they are not the same thing. I am convinced that any difficulties will prove only temporary.



**CACTUS-GROWING** is gaining in popularity in response to the demand for indoor plants for contemporary decor. Mrs. E. Shurly, of Elstree, Herts, tends one of her husband's plants (right). He has a collection of over 1,500 types of cactus



Oarsmen of St. Catharine's gave the Cardinals' Ball. Above: Mr. Gavin Dunbar, Captain of Boats



The Scandinavian actress Miss Lillemor Knudsen, guest of Ball Secretary Mr. Peter Coni



Last year's Captain of Boats, Mr. David Bailey, who is now a surveyor in Holland



Miss Sheila Beard at the ball, which is a highlight of the Lent Term

The President of the Cardinals, who welcomed 1,000 guests, is Mr. Geoffrey Tippleston



## The Cambridge wet-bobs dance



It was a 21st birthday celebration for Miss Gillian Denning. With her: Mr. Spencer White

Miss Ann Davey (Newnham) and Mr. Harold Smith. Dancing was in both the Guildhall and Corn Exchange



VAN HALLAN

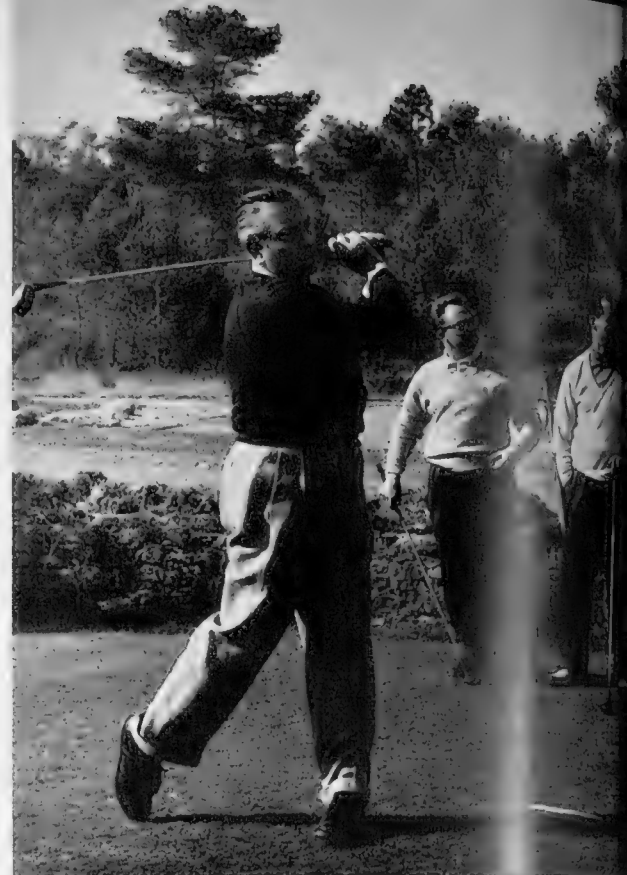


# Blue skies and golf on the Riviera



DESMOND O'NEILL

In the sub-tropical gardens of Monte Carlo Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, Bt., the physician (left), with Prince Filiberto of Savoia and his wife, Princess Lydia, formerly a Princess of Arenberg, and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys (right) who does much social work for charity



Mr. Henry Cotton, who was assistant professional at Cannes in 1926, drives off on the Mougins course there. Watching are M. Roland Peugeot, heir of the French motor manufacturing, and M. Marius Bardana, once French golf champion



## PRISCILLA IN PARIS

### Tools for the mundane arts

THE crush was tremendous on the opening day of the annual Salon des Arts Menagers at the Grand Palais. Women were soon loaded up with samples and advertising literature. A smell of paint, size and fresh shavings still persisted, for the last workman had only vanished as the first visitor entered that morning. The Salon was opened to the public on the promised date but the speech-making officials and notabilities—striped pants and toppers—would come along later. Meanwhile early-arriving patrons might question the stallholders to their heart's content, as well as examine—and even handle—the gadgets that the "Domestic Arts" propose for our domestic satisfaction.

The day was yet young and everyone aimed to please. Towards dusk freshness and eagerness might become a little shopworn and not even the most fool-proof coffee grinder will stand more than a certain amount of clumsy manipulation. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays the exhibition stays open till 11 p.m. One hates to think of the jangled nerves of reluctant husbands who will be dragged there after the evening meal, enticed by the promise of the latest thing in electric razors, only to find themselves fobbed off with an automatic potato peeler or a mincing machine.

In the basement of the Grand Palais one discovers an enchanting vision of springtide. Lilies-of-the-valley, primroses, pansies, tulips and lilac trees all blooming and blowing in harmony, side by side. Done by kindness and green fingers, or is it a question of soil and artificial sunlight? I was invited to visit the orchard and pick any fruit I fancied but I was not feeling adventurous and feared that I might find pineapples growing en espalier and apples on orange trees.

One exhibit, a house with mirrored walls, is deceptive. Certainly the rooms appear to be double the size they really are but the illusion becomes

a painful delusion if one moves about too hastily. "Bumps-a-daisy!" muttered a visiting Briton as he saw me absent-mindedly walk into my own reflection. Despite its flowered basement the Salon des Arts Menager makes me feel a little sad. My heart aches for the young couples one sees gazing with rapture at gorgeous refrigerators, washing machines and all the what-nots they would buy if only they had some place to put them. The housing problem becomes more insoluble daily. A small room on the seventh floor with a tiny skylight is perhaps a paradise *a deux* when one is young, but even so a gas ring instead of a kitchen, the window-sill in lieu of a refrigerator and a basin and jug for a bathroom are not the ideal conditions for the rearing of a family!

Robert Lamoureux's first play, a gay little comedy at the Varietes Theatre: *La Brune Que Voila*, is delighting Paris. Our crustier critics were inclined to look down their nose and don their snootiest air of patronage but it must have been camouflage judging by their laughter. Simple souls who go to the theatre merely to be amused were thoroughly happy and declared that Lamoureux is another Sacha Guitry. Since so many critics have always treated the late Sacha with the same kind of amused condescension, it is safe to say that a good time was enjoyed by all. The two playwrights both have the gift of making bricks without straw. In this case it would be more fitting to say that both can blow bubbles without soap and water!

A catchword, a mood, a smile sufficed for Sacha to produce an exquisite *marivaudage*. One does not remember for long what it was all about but one cannot forget the pleasure that it gave. I do not think of Lamoureux's comedy as an exquisite *marivaudage* but it was young and witty and vastly amusing and we so enjoy being amused in this perplexing





Baroness (Colin) Barber, wife of the former Governor of Edinburgh Castle, and Lord Savile, Deputy Lieutenant for the West Riding of Yorkshire, returning from a walk on Cannes seafront



Queen Geraldine of Albania on the terrace of the Majestic Hotel, Cannes, for an aperitif. Before her marriage to King Zog in 1938 she was Countess Apponyi de Nagy-Appony of Hungary



Mme. Adrien Thierry, wife of the French ex-Ambassador to Rumania and daughter of Baron Henry de Rothschild, with M. Harry Pilcer, partner of the late Gaby Deslys

world of today. However, it is wise to set down the plot while one remembers it.

philandering hero, one Germain Vignon—played by Robert Lamoureux himself—is involved with four charming ladies who (and this is where one adds: “most regrettably”) are married. They are all brunettes as the title of the play suggests. An irate husband appears on the scene with the ultimatum: “Death and destruction unless my wife returns to me.” Unfortunately the stranger omits to mention his name and Vignon is left gasping and utterly ignorant as to which lady must be made to realize the error of her ways. The only thing left for him to do is to break with all four damsels.

To build three acts on this premise is indeed a bubblesome business but how brilliantly Lamoureux exploits the situation. His young Don Juan is NOT a gentleman of leisure—he deals in second-hand cars—and his charming ladies are charming “little” ladies. Nevertheless his temples are as Nature intends them to be when one is in the early thirties and he knows any amount of funny stories. The bubbling wit is mirth-making, more the wit of the *grands boulevards* than of the Champs Elysees but since it is warm with the joy of living, what more can one desire. It is long since I heard such hearty laughter at the theatre.

To have lived in Paris so long without ever having been to the Concert Pacra was a shameful omission on my part. Last week I repaired it and enjoyed a pleasant and amusing evening. This is not a bid to try and attract the patronage of what, in the long ago, used to be called “carriage folk.” Mme. Pacra, who runs the tiny music-hall tucked away on the boulevard Beaumarchais in the populous quarter of the Bastille, wants no new clients. She does not advertise in the press or on the hoardings, but the address can be found in the telephone directory and publicity passes round by word of mouth.

The house is crowded at every performance and on Saturday nights it takes anything from a shoe-horn to a derrick to get into even the lobby. There one finds Mme. Pacra, her white hair perfectly dressed, her frock the last gasp of *la haute couture*. She may be discovered standing near the box-office or, perhaps, seated in what is known in French theatrical slang as the *boite a sel*, but the crowd will keep its respectful distance no matter what pressure is felt at the back.

Old friends and habitués exchange friendly greetings. The ushers pretend not to notice if a family party of six crush into a box built to hold five, and when the house is full . . . it is very full. The doors are closed excepting for a narrow, well-guarded aperture left for late ticket-holders, and not even visiting royalty, Mlle. Sagan, Mr. Anthony Cookman or President Coty himself would be allowed to enter!

The auditorium is not particularly distinctive unless one cares to boast that one can see the stage from every seat, which is a fairly rare thing in a Paris theatre. There is no orchestra pit, the musicians are parked on a level with the stalls, and since most of them appear to be known to the audience by name it is possible to converse amiably and inquire after the family. The programme girls are effusive in their greeting; one feels they may have belonged to the acting profession. I recognized one of them as having been a very lovely star in pictures . . . when pictures were silent.

A few moments before the curtain rises Mme. Pacra takes her seat in a box and, with quiet satisfaction, surveys her domain. There are plenty of collarless toughs and rain-coated, tightly-permed wenches up in the gallery, but in the stalls there are more mink coats to the square yard than one is likely to see at the Casino de Paris or the Folies-Bergere.

Trade reigns supreme in that quarter of Paris; not luxury trade perhaps but those indispensable trades of butchers, bakers and brewers that, of late years, have known more ups than downs. They are connoisseurs of stagecraft and can judge an artist as infallibly as their goods, and the Concert Pacra is in consequence a nursery of variety stars. There are few famous performers in Paris who have not appeared there at their debut.

The closing down of the Grand Opera House and the Opera-Comique is the Government's drastic reply to the many strikes that have occurred recently. Serge Lifar is overcome with grief. For the last 28 years he has worked mightily to make the *corps de ballet* of the Opera House the “Finest Ballet In The World”—I quote his own words. It is not astonishing that he feels down-hearted and has bitter comments to make about what he calls the “private ballets” that have been seen in Paris this winter.

When Lifar has had time to think it over calmly he will no doubt remember how many other strikes, lock-outs and similar disturbances have occurred in recent years.

But when the curtain went up at the Grand Opera one night recently, Lifar, who was in the depth of despair a week earlier, seemed to be quite consoled by the sight of the full house. The Opera-Comique is still closed and, officially, the lock-out stands firm, but at the Opera a performance was given by the *danseuses etoiles*. The stage was hung with curtains, as there was no scenery, and the full orchestra played, but the young strikers of the *corps de ballet* were not allowed to appear.

In a short time the trouble will probably have blown over, but a great deal of money will have been lost on both sides, a bad example given and the whole business is shown to be both pathetic and ridiculous.





## THEATRE

## A Lear breathes youthful fire

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

LITERARY chaps used to annoy theatrical chaps by producing excellent reasons why *Lear* with its megalithic grandeur should be read but not seen. How ill-founded these excellent reasons were Sir John Gielgud and Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir Donald Wolfit and Mr. Michael Redgrave have each in turn shown, and the scholarly theorists are mum. But theatrical chaps are beginning now to murmur among themselves. They are getting too much *Lear*.

It is being suggested that it is a play which ought to be strictly reserved for the rare occasion when the finest actors of each generation feel impelled to attempt it. There is, of course, something in the point. Under such an ideal arrangement playgoers of the last ten years would already have done remarkably well. They could probably go on living handsomely on their memories for some years to come. But playgoers are naturally a self-centred lot. They readily assume that the theatre began where they themselves first came into it and forget that the cheaper parts of the house are crowded with young people who were only just out of their perambulators when some of the King Lears

that I have fondly recalled were being played.

It is the Old Vic's job to look after the interests of these important newcomers, and it is largely for their education that they are going "slap bang" through the whole of the First Folio. They had sooner or later to reckon with the tragedy which, ideally perhaps, ought never to be staged without an actor who has the special kind of genius suited to the name part.

Lacking the actor, the Old Vic still had to cope, and no other actor in the present company was a better choice than Mr. Paul Rogers. He is young, highly intelligent and steadily growing in stature, with a good *Macbeth* already to his credit. His worst deficiency is a voice of limited range, but he is an excellent character actor, skilful and assured so long as the effects demanded are not those which only the grand style will yield. Mr. Rogers does what he can. He tries to conceal his youth beneath a majestic burden of padding and a wealth of white hair. This is largely wasted effort since the elaborate make-up is constantly betrayed by obviously youthful eyes and lips and we know that we are looking at a padded man wearing a false beard.



Rosemary Webster who plays Cordelia, Lear's favourite daughter

And it is perhaps because Mr. Rogers, resting in the false security of this make-up, makes Lear so lusty and alert while he is parcelling out his kingdom that we find it more than usually difficult to guess why he should voluntarily abdicate power and why he should reject the one daughter whose love is plain to all but him. Actors have tried all ways of treating this scene, suggesting in the king great age, a sublime sense of the absolute power and grandeur of royalty or the half crazy capriciousness that is the outcome of years of power which has never been questioned. Any way is more serviceable than the suggestion of a self-possessed mind doing it knows precisely what, for reasons carefully considered, which is the suggestion that Mr. Rogers unintentionally leaves on us.

The rest of his performance remains until the end on the same rather prosaic plane. He rationalizes very cleverly a pig-headed tyrant beaten down into submission to harsh reality and forced to acknowledge what a "poor, bare forked animal" is "unaccommodated man." But it is always of a particular man he makes us think. The passion that can turn Lear's railings against the world into a cry uttered by humanity itself is absent from the performance.

But though passionless the performance is never less than interesting, and in the final scenes with Cordelia it takes on the touching, homely beauty of the exquisitely simple writing.

Mr. Douglas Seale's direction is one calculated to make the most of Mr. Rogers's matter-of-fact Lear. It pays closer attention than is usual to the Cornwall-Albany sub-plot, and in its anxiety to throw into relief the barbarism of the world in which Lear's tragedy is played out, rather overdoes the horror.

Still, Miss Coral Browne and Miss Barbara Jefford are rich in venom as the wicked sisters; Miss Rosemary Webster makes a good first shot at Cordelia; and Mr. Paul Daneman, a Fool plainly in love with Cordelia, is perhaps the most Shakespearian of a vigorous cast.

KING LEAR (Old Vic). Like Hamlet, King Lear holds a strange and fascinating attraction for young actors. Feeling their powers welling within them, they are eager—perhaps over-eager—to get their teeth into a role that really shows an audience what an actor can do. The King, Paul Rogers (right), whose "elaborate make-up is constantly betrayed by obviously youthful eyes and lips," confronts his tyrannical daughters, Goneril (Coral Browne, left) and Regan (Barbara Jefford). Drawings by Glan Williams





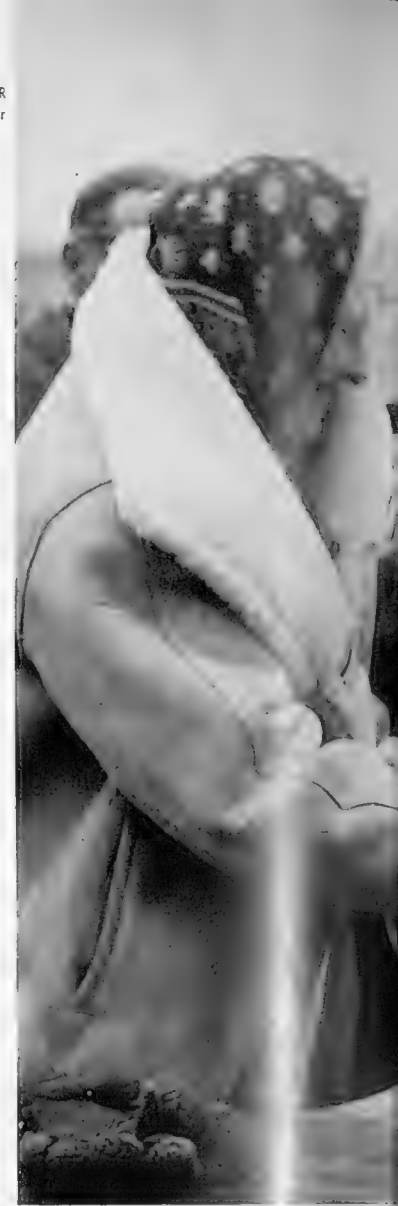


PAUL TANQUERAY

# Heroine for Emlyn Williams

AT 19, Miss Ann Beach appears on the West End stage for the first time and plays the title role. This is *Beth*, by Emlyn Williams, which opens tomorrow at the Apollo. It is his first play for four years. Beth is a girl of 16, coddled after a serious childhood illness to the extent that she is mentally retarded. Yet she is happy to maintain an I.Q. of eight. Miss Beach, who has played the part in a Brighton run, won the Anmer Hall Prize at R.A.D.A.





Snowstorms swept the course at Didmarton, Glos, before and after racing, but the afternoon's card of six events was carried through in bright sunshine. Above: Lord Leigh, from Kenilworth, talking to his second son the Hon. William Leigh, who rode in the Beaufort Cup

Nominations were nearly double those of the winner was Goldie, ridden by Mr. G.



THE  
TATLER

## At the Beaufort Point-to-point

Taking Double Diamond, of the Avon Vale, over a fence was Mr. J. Daniels, a farmer in the Berkeley country

Lady Cooper, wife of Sir Charles Cooper, Bt., of Charlton Down, Tetbury, was discussing some aspects of the racing with Mr. M. Kemp



P. C. PALMER



Two of the stewards, Lt.-Col. H. T. Brassey, Capt. Frank Spicer of Spy Park, Chippenham, often host to the Queen Mother, and Mr. M. Searle, a veterinary surgeon





In the 7th Messars Challenge Cup, last race on the programme, above: Gold Cup owner, Lt.-Col. D. H. Davies, M.C., receives the Duchess of Beaufort



Five neighbouring packs were represented in the Adjacent Hunts' Ladies' Race, won by Miss G. Pearce, of the Vale of White Horse (Cricklade) on Boroform. Mrs. H. M. Astley Bell is leading in Boroform, entered by her husband, after its success

Major Philip Lowsley Williams, of Chavenage Manor, Tetbury, with Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Keen, daughter and son-in-law of Mr. Kenneth Preston



Miss B. Long, a Beaufort follower, rode her own horse Pure Chance in the Ladies' Race. She is with Mr. W. Donaldson, owner of livery stables in Malmesbury

Major Gerald Gundry, D.S.O., of Shipton Moyne, who has for the past seven years been joint-Master with the Duke of Beaufort







LOOMING THROUGH THE WATER, an Italian two-man submarine heads back to base after fixing limpet mines. A dramatic shot from *The Silent Enemy*, reviewed below

## CINEMA

# No welfare in Dreamland

by ELSPETH GRANT

FOUR recent Hollywood films have given us a rose-coloured-glasses view of Japan—land (if I may fall into the good old travelogue jargon) of cherry-trees, graceful geishas, colourful kimonos, endless refinement, quaint customs, courteous shop assistants, sake, Kabuki, Yum-Yum, Pitty-sing and all that. How sweet, one said. A little too sweet, perhaps—a trifle sickly? Well, stand by for the antidote—*Street Of Shame*, a dose of bitter aloes concocted by the Japanese themselves.

Acted by people who do not seem to be acting at all, directed by Mr. Kenji Mizoguchi so skilfully that one detects no directorial influence, this frank film has the full impact of a documentary. Its setting is a brothel called Dreamland, in Yoshiwara, from the doorway of which the prostitutes employed there pounce out like she-dragons upon likely clients—cuffing them soundly and showering them with abuse if they withhold their custom.

For the most part, these women wear the elaborate costume and coiffure of geishas but they are by no means the modest, gracious, cultured creatures that Hollywood had half-persuaded us geishas must be. With one exception they have been driven into their squalid profession by poverty rather than inclination: Yasumi (Miss Ayako Wakao) needs money to buy her father out of prison, the widow Yumeko (Miss Aiko Mimasu) is struggling to give her teen-age son a chance in life, and sad, bespectacled Hanaya (Miss Michiyo Kogure) has a sick husband and a small baby to support.

Brazen Mickey (Miss Machiko Kyo), who affects Western attire and chews gum, has apparently been seduced by an American and taken to prostitution as a duck to water: a greedy girl, her only worry is where the next square meal is coming from. Since the brothel-keeper sees to it that his employees are permanently in his debt, there is no escape from Dreamland for any of them. Perhaps they believe

him when he tells them it is better so—for, as he points out, Japan is not a Welfare State and nobody would look after them if he did not.

Patiently they cope with their private tragedies and dutifully they go about their business—energetically accosting passers-by, and, not without compassion, teaching a pathetic 16-year-old new recruit to their ranks the tricks of the trade. I found this an impressive and absorbing film, a convincing social document—worth, in all its drabness, 20 such pieces as your gaudy *Sayonara*. I need hardly tell you that the censor has given it an “X” Certificate.

That fine Swedish director, Herr Ingmar Bergman, is responsible for *The Seventh Seal*—a strange and very beautiful allegorical film, telling a story of the 14th century which is applicable, if I understand it rightly, to the present day.

Back to his native Sweden, after ten years at the Crusades, comes a knight (Herr Max von Sydow). Death (Herr Bengt Ekerot) meets him on the seashore—but the knight is not ready to die. In his crusading, he was not serving God—he was seeking Him, and trying, too, to find the meaning of life. He challenges Death to a game of chess, beats him, and is allowed to continue his quest—though it is understood that in some future game Death will be inevitably the winner.

Accompanied by his cynical and sardonic Squire (Herr Gunnar Bjornstrand), the Knight rides on through the land, where the plague is rife and the people gripped by terror. Bands of pilgrims, scourging one another cruelly, do penance and call upon their countrymen to repent—believing that the dread disease is a visitation caused by their sins. A young girl, accused of consorting with the Devil, is burnt at the stake as a propitiatory sacrifice.

Everywhere the Knight finds fear and ugliness. Then he meets a poor strolling player (Herr Nils Poppe) and his wife (Froken Bibi Andersson) who offer him their simple hospi-

talities and show him with pride their baby son. They do not question life—they live it, and are happy. Is this the answer to the Knight's haunting doubts? He does not know—but when next he plays chess with Death he sacrifices his own chance of winning in order to give the little family a longer lease of the life they love, and for the first time he knows a sense of peace.

The film, photographed in that wonderful pearly light that seems peculiar to Sweden, is haunting in its beauty—and in its implications. The “X” Certificate it carries is justified by some scenes of cruelty and violence—but they are only a small part, and a necessary part, of an uplifting and illuminating whole. I do beg of you not to miss this unforgettable picture.

The exploits of Lieutenant (later Commander) Crabb, R.N.V.R., at Gibraltar during the last war are the subject of *The Silent Enemy*—a very good British film, written and directed by Mr. William Fairchild, who was himself a naval officer. Maybe a good deal of the story is fictional, but I really don't care: *si non e vero, e ben trovato*, as they say—or, if you like, if it isn't true, it's well hit upon.

Lieutenant Crabb (admirably played by Mr. Laurence Harvey in a becoming beard) is a bomb disposal expert and he is sent to the Rock to see if he can halt the destructive activities of the Italian frogmen, who have succeeded in blowing up two British battleships and a number of merchant vessels lying in the harbour.

Where the Italians come from is not at first clear, but it is known that they travel by night in under-water “chariots” (small torpedo-like contraptions) and attach adhesive mines to the hulls of unsuspecting ships. They are experts at the game and Lt. Crabb a raw beginner, but he is determined to beat them and, though under-equipped and under-staffed, he does—using his own unconventional methods.

With Leading Seaman Knowles (an excellent performance by Mr. Michael Craig) he locates the Italians' secret base at the neutral Spanish port of Algeciras—and, without permission from his Admiral (Mr. John Clements), he sneaks across one night and blows it sky-high. This earns him a rap on the knuckles and the George Medal.

Mr. Sidney James gives a rattling good performance as a crusty Chief Petty Officer and Miss Dawn Addams is a circumspect Wren. The film is classed A1 by me—if not by Lloyd's.





GAING DOWN ON THE JUNGFRAU, as the song said, is Elaine Stewart, soon to be seen stranded on a mountain peak in the Swiss Alps with five goldminers. The film, *High Hell*, is based on a novel by Steve Frazee

THE TATLER  
& Bystander  
19 March  
1958  
579



DESPITE THE TITLE, *The Snorkel* is not another frogman film. It is about a murder of exceptional ingenuity, committed by the German actor Peter Van Eyck



THE CONVENT CYCLE continues with Audrey Hepburn as the latest to take the veil. *A Nun's Story* will be set in the Schweitzer country of West Africa

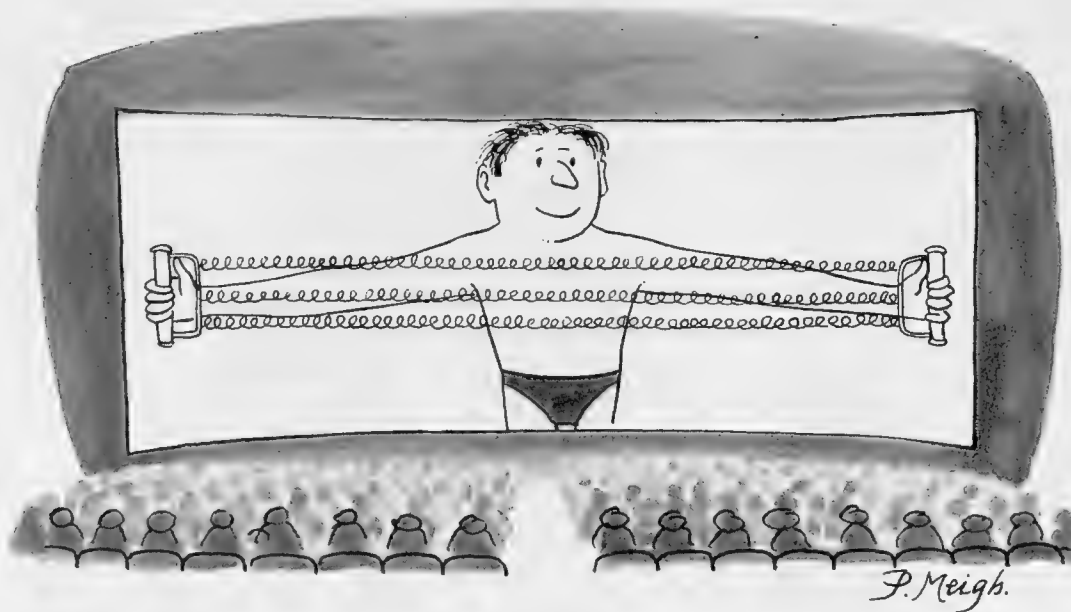
ARTHUR WATKYN'S play of Royalist adventure in the days of Charles II, *The Moonraker*, is coming to the screen with George Baker

RONALD PILGRIM



Trailers of  
four to come





## BOOK REVIEWS

## The change from Amber

by ELIZABETH BOWEN

A FAMILY-LIFE novel, *America, With Love* (Peter Davies, 15s.), is by Kathleen Winsor—who wrote *Forever Amber*. The blazing success of that bold best-seller made its young author an all-but-legendary figure: everybody was asking, “Who is Miss Winsor?” She retreated out of the limelight, and who can blame her? The book-jacket now to hand carries not only a handsome photograph but personal information up to date. Wife of Paul A. Porter, eminent lawyer, Miss Winsor lives quietly in Washington D.C., where she not only writes but enjoys cooking.

From this home of her own, she returns to the scenes of her youth—that is to say, *America, With Love* depicts the setting, and happenings, of her childhood. The year of the story is 1932, when the U.S.A. suffered the great depression and the lives of all grown-up persons were overcast. However, insecurity and anxiety were less than names to the youngsters gambolling in Laurel Avenue—“right at the edge of town, where poppies covered the hillsides every spring, and the wild purple lupin and buttercups grew up thick among them. The houses were small, each with five or six rooms and a bathroom, and a young maple tree in the parking area.”

In fact, a typical residential section of any American town, twenty-five years ago. Laurel Avenue, socially, is a complete community. When the Spangler family move in, from farther East, they are in a ready-made world of good-humoured neighbours. And 12-year-old Cassy Spangler and brother Don are forthwith dropped into the vortex of local children. Cassy, more or less, is this story's centrepiece; chiefly we see the goings-on through her eyes—though there do also occur, inside different houses, adult crises beyond her ken.

From their porches, or strolling on their front lawns, the financially hag-ridden Laurel Avenue seniors, relaxing, watch their young at play. A nicer gang of kids—it appears to be the general opinion—you could hardly find. Myself, I would

differ: this junior group seems largely interested in sex. Teenagers, nasty Frank and foolish Ruby, experiment in a vacant building-lot; the under-13s speculate and gossip. Frank is out of mischief only when playing the saxophone on the back porch. Shorty the sailor is up to no good with Vivien. The smaller boys snarl and scrap with the smaller girls. Cassy, however, and her little girl-friend, Willie, are dedicated to the worship of Jean Harlow, then regnant screen star—on whom they model themselves, as far as their bony juvenile forms allow. And one or two of the children, I must say, do from time to time scale telegraph posts or stunt on bicycles—in fact, are childish.

The best of *America, With Love* is its picture of people keeping their flags flying throughout difficult times. And Miss Winsor writes with



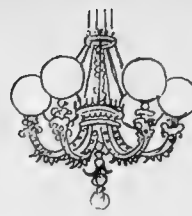
At 70, Felix Count von Luckner looks back on a busy life that has ranged from sitting on Queen Victoria's knee to tearing up telephone books (above). His new memoirs are called *Out Of An Old Sea Chest*

verve, kindness and humour. Taken all-in-all, this is quite a book!

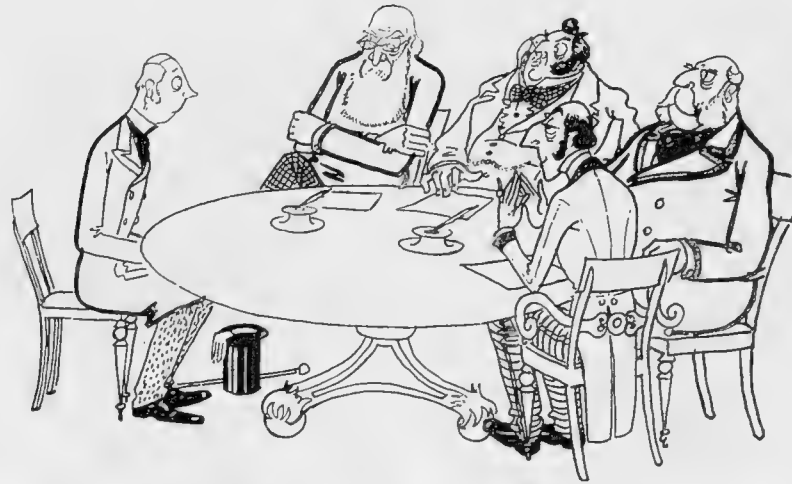
Margaret Trouncer's *A Grain Of Wheat* (Hutchinson, 15s.) is the story of Saint Bernadette of Lourdes, 1844–1879. Both as biography and as a character-study, this is a beautiful piece of work. The author of *The Nun* and *The Reluctant Abbess* has again linked, by straight-forward narrative, the everyday-human with the mystical world. The Pyrenean landscape, the villages, valleys, streams, the picture of Lourdes as it was in Bernadette's day, and the ups-and-downs of the Soubirous family, in their succession of poverty-stricken homes—all this bring near to us, by their solid reality, the simple and humble figure of the ecstatic daughter of a poor miller.

In the first place it was with dismay and suspicion that Bernadette's account of her visions was received. I myself had had no idea of the closeness, and the relentless nature, of the interrogatories to which she was subjected. Mrs. Trouncer describes the visions themselves, and the uncovering of the miraculous spring, reverently, wonderfully and simply. Above all, she makes Bernadette living and lovable—and indeed it was for her virtues, not her visions, that she was canonized in 1934. *A Grain Of Wheat* is a book for all readers, whatever their creed or outlook.

The English translation of Jean Cocteau's famous French novel, *Le Grand Ecart* is *The Miscreant* (Peter Owen, 15s.). The book was, when it first appeared, all but a bible to avant garde intellectuals of the 1920s. Of *The Miscreant*, the author himself says, “Of all my books, this is the one that dates, and that is deliberate. I mean in which the period is caught cruelly pinned to a cork like the entomologist's butterfly.” There is something butterfly like, brilliant, febrile and short-lived about the creatures in this brief Paris story—Jacques Forestier and his student friends, the pensive *cocottes* who trifle with young men's hearts, the disillusioned financiers, the mothers up from the country. Best of all I liked the scenes at the rink. “My whole work,” adds M. Cocteau, “hangs on the drama of loneliness and man's attempts to overcome it.” This theme, you may note, is much the thing with adolescent novelists of the 1950s. Their work, alas, compared with *The Miscreant* seems distinctly thin!



OSBERT LANCASTER illustrates a forthcoming book by C. Northcote Parkinson expounding the already celebrated *Parkinson's Law* of how bureaucrats multiply. Depicted here: the selection board



## Books in pictures



A BALLERINA'S CAREER is traced in Elizabeth Frank's *Margot Fonteyn*, out next week. The biography contains many pictures, of which those

shown here are examples. Left: Fonteyn aged six. Centre: with Robert Helpmann in *Giselle*, 1937. Right: In *Firebird*, 1954.



THREE SUCCESSFUL AUTHORS are (l. to r.) Richard Collier, R. F. Delderfield and Paul de Kruif. Mr. Collier's latest success is *Ten Thousand Eyes*, a tale of the French Resistance. Mr. Delderfield, of

Worm's Eye View fame, has a new novel, *The Dreaming Suburb*. Mr. de Kruif (of *Microbe Hunters*) has written an account of an American physician who overcame the threat of lunacy, *A Man Against Insanity*







MICHEL MOLINARE

*Opposite:* The raised hemline in a *robe de style* by John Cavanagh. Designed for the most romantic of evenings, prodigious layers of flamingo pink tulle spring from a red velvet band which encircles the shoulder blades and restrains the front fullness with a large bow at the waist. A glimpse of tinted stocking echoes the colour of the dress. This one is from Wolsey's Bouquet de Paris range "Maxime," a delicate pink.

*Above:* The raised hemline in a ball dress by Ronald Paterson. Long-stemmed roses are strewn over white silk paper taffeta. The back sweeps into a slight train. The waistline is swathed with dark green chiffon, the bodice cut like a bolero. The dark green of the shoes, the leaves and the chiffon at the waist is echoed in the tint of the stockings, Wolsey's Longchamps, a soft moss green, obtainable at Galeries Lafayette.

Photographed at the Cercle de la France, 6 Hamilton Place

A glimpse  
of stocking

It's permissible even for  
the greatest occasions



THE TATLER  
& Bylander  
19 March 1958  
584



Hawick, in the border country, has for decades been the centre of the Scottish knitwear industry. From here comes that almost regulation item of a woman's wardrobe, the classic twin-set. Today, however, women demand variety and colour. Scotland is meeting the challenge with new designs like those shown



*Left:* Angora wool casual sweater by Holyrood with the loose unfitted line of the moment and a neckline which is a breakaway from tradition. In many colours including champagne, fuchsia, and lemon. At Fontana Fabrics, 48 Sloane Street, London and Elizabeth Grant, Anniesland, Glasgow. Price: about 4 gns. Jewellery by Adrien Mann

New from north  
of the border



ALEXANDER

*Centre:* In shell pink lambswool here but made in 21 other shades and also in cashmere, Braemar's *decollete* sweater with revers and a casual tie. At Selfridge's, London, and Kendal Milne, Manchester. Price (in lambswool): about 5 gns. The toning crystal and pearl beads are by Adrien Mann

*Right:* Cashmere with the blouse look. Ballantyne's jumper is right up-to-the-minute with its easy lines, shawl collar, and the colour (natural) to tune in with this season's shades of cream and beige. At Lillywhite's, London, in early April. Price: £10 17s. The all-round fullness is gathered into a narrow welt at the waist





An Intarsia snugcoat by Pringles of Scotland in white cashmere. A design of long-stemmed blue cornflowers is knitted into the coat itself. At Marshall & Snelgrove. London. Price: 10 gns.

Cashmere — the



ALEXANDER

*Above:* Another clever Intarsia design, roses knitted into Munro-gunn's sky-blue cashmere cardigan with open-collared neckline. At The Scotch House, Knightsbridge, and Roderick Tweedie, Edinburgh.  
Price: about £9 15s.

*Right:* Peter Scott's cashmere sweater in a soft amethyst. The skirt, permanently pleated, can be made to order to match any of the sweater colours. At Moss Bros., London, and leading Scottish stores.  
Price: about 6 gns.

FURNISHINGS BY BOWMAN BROS., CAMDEN HIGH STREET



hortage is over



# Sailing into

JERSEY KNITWEAR goes everywhere today, is designed to be worn on casual as well as formal occasions. These two models from Switzerland would do credit to the most exclusive yacht club. The navy suit (*left*) has a straight skirt with a long line pull-over-the-head tunic. It is beautifully cut, trimmed only with white. The price is about 12 gns.

The loose-fitting navy jersey blazer (*opposite*) has brass buttons and is worn with an all-round box-pleated white jersey skirt. The blazer costs about £14 19s. 6d., the skirt £13 17s. 6d.

The white grosgrain hat, trimmed with navy is £11 19s. 6d. Accessories (*below*): white calf handbag £8 19s. 6d., the doeskin gloves 33s. 6d., white court shoes by Bally £5 5s.

Both these Swyzerli models and all the accessories shown on these pages are obtainable at Jenners of Edinburgh.

JOHN FRENCH

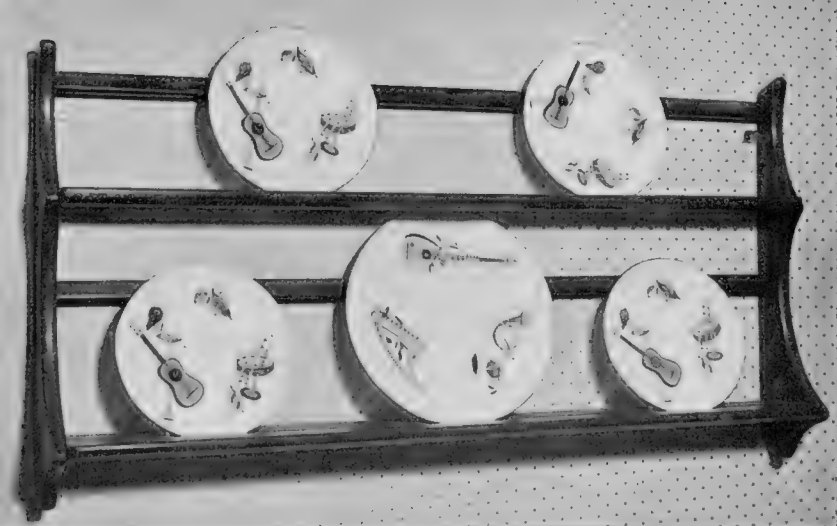


CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

spring







A new twist on the old Welsh dresser is the modern wall-rack or open cupboard. *Above:* Ercol plate-rack (£3 18s. 9d.), with Royal Worcester "Fiesta" ovenware and bone china tableware to match. Plates, 10 in. (22s. 4d.), 7 in. (15s. 4d.). All from Harrods



Groverwood wall cupboard in three parts, which can be bought separately. Centrepiece (£10 8s. 6d.), shelves (£3 6s. 6d. each). Rose-coloured spongeable wallpaper by Crown Wallpapers in blue and white, or pink and white (12s. 1d. a roll). Harrods

## SHOPPING

# What's new in kitchens

by JEAN STEELE



The latest in sinks—silent nylon bowl-and-drainer combination. Its underframe allows easy fixing to standard sink units. Nylon Sink Co., Ltd. (£16 10s.)



The first Westinghouse cooker in this country is in two sections. Oven (*right*) can be built into cupboards or wall. Hot plates (*left*) are built into the "Nevastain" units. Waist-high oven and cooker platform cost £183 11s. 6d. Harrods



For the bachelor girl or young man this Infra-red "Magicook" cooks steaks and similar grills at lightning speed (£19 19s.). Harrods



Stainless-steel salad bowl (5 gns.) and servers with rosewood handles (£1 12s. 6d.). William Perring of Kensington



**Emsden—Findlay.** Capt. Brian Emsden, Royal Norfolk Regt., second son of Lt.-Col. L. G. Emsden, O.B.E., and of Mrs. Emsden, of Clare, Suffolk, married Miss Julia Findlay, younger daughter of the late Dr. G. M. Findlay, and of Mrs. Findlay, of Radlett, Hertfordshire, at St. Mary's Church, The Boltons, Kensington



**Gilchrist—Colville.** Lt. Warren Gilchrist, R.N., son of Major and Mrs. Euan Gilchrist, of Sherborne Hill, Basingstoke, Hants, was married recently to Miss Catherine Colville, daughter of Mr. David Colville and Lady Joan Colville, of the Old Vicarage, Dorton, Aylesbury, at St. John the Baptist's Church, Dorton



**Leach—McCall.** Cdr. Henry Conyers Leach, R.N., son of the late Capt. J. C. Leach, and of Mrs. Leach, of Salcombe Regis, Devon, married Miss Mary J. McCall, daughter of Admiral Sir Henry McCall and Lady McCall, of Hurstbourne Tarrant, Hants, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



**Humphryes—Pedder.** Mr. James Anthony Humphryes, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Harvey Humphryes, of Radnor Place, Paddington, and Laurel Bank, Monmouth, was married to Miss Elisabeth Ann Pedder, elder daughter of the late Lt.-Col. R. R. N. Pedder, the Highland Light Infantry, and Mrs. Pedder, Sussex Mansions, S.W.7, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton

## Wedding Days



**Lindsay—Marnham.** The marriage took place between Mr. F. W. Lindsay, son of the late Rev. W. F. Lindsay, and of Mrs. Lindsay, of Malahide, Co. Dublin, and Miss Gillian S. Marnham, only daughter of Brig. and Mrs. G. Marnham, of Ticehurst, Sussex, at Frant Church, Sussex



**Bystram—Hardie.** Mr. K. A. Bystram, son of Col. Baron Cyprian Bystram and Baroness Bystram, of Redcliffe Square, Kensington, was married to Miss Jean Denise Hardie, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Ian Hardie, of Latimer, Bucks, at the Brompton Oratory, Brompton Road



**Usher—Mowat.** Mr. Charles John Usher, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Usher, of Courthill, Hawick, was married to Miss Catherine Eve Mowat, daughter of the late Mr. David F. Mowat, and of Mrs. Mowat, of Lennox Street, Edinburgh, at St. Cuthbert's Church, Edinburgh





Two new hair styles for the younger set have been designed by Scott's of Oxford Street. The delicate bouffant look of "Facade" (left) is square topped, wide and with forward-moving waves at the cheeks. With the hair brushed back from a smooth flat top, "Melody" has high side waves and close-bunched curling ends

## BEAUTY

JEAN CLELAND

# Preserving a youthful glow

**T**HIS week I have news of fresh things; also a few reminders of others that are particularly useful at this time of year.

First of all let me tell you of something dear to the heart of most women; a genuine bargain. Until March 29, Elizabeth Arden's famous Moisture Trio will be available at the special price of 30s., normal cost 38s. Being a Scot and brought up in the tradition that "every mickle makes a muckle," I feel that these odd shillings are well worth saving.

At this time of year, when the skin is "winter-dried," these moisture preparations are invaluable for soothing, softening and protecting it. The Arden Trio comprises a "Moisture Oil," "Velva Moisture Film," and "Ardena Moisture Cream."

The way you should use them is as follows. At night, after cleansing the skin, massage it with the oil, working this well in until it has been absorbed. Next, do a few minutes' second massage with the cream, a special blend of oils and fresh egg yolks which replaces the skin's moisture and is particularly helpful to fine, delicate skin. In the morning, before applying your usual make-up foundation, smooth on a little "Moisture Film," to protect and moisten your skin during the day.

Helena Rubinstein is another world-famous beautician, also specializing, who firmly believes in these moisture preparations, and from her comes something new in this line, which should please her many devotees. First, a special

version of the famous "Silk Face Powder," which now has a new formula. To the original one is added scientifically formulated ingredients to ensure that moisture is retained under all weather conditions, whether hot sun or cold winds. Second, there is a brand new "Silk Minute Make-up" for quick touching up during the day.

It contains exactly the same moistening ingredients as the "Special Silk Face Powder," and is, according to my information from the Rubinstein London Salon, the only all-in-one



make-up with moisture retaining properties. It comes in an elegant square compact (pink with a dusting of gold). There is also a new fashion-styled refill pack.

More and more often just lately I am asked by friends and by people who write to me if I can recommend a face pack or mask for a dry skin. Another request is for one that is suitable

in the cold weather when the skin, unless treated with care, is inclined to feel harsh and dried up. One that seems to meet all these requirements is a lanoline face pack made by Christy. As well as the lanoline, this pack contains a blend of absorbents and fine oils, which not only leave the skin soft and supple but help to rid it of any impurities that may persist deep down in the pores.

It is extremely easy to use, because there is no bother about mixing. All you have to do is to squeeze the ready prepared cream out of the airtight envelope, and spread it evenly all over the face. Let it take effect for about a quarter of an hour, then wash off with cold water.

Companion to the lanoline face pack is a liquid lanoline (also made by Christy) which is soothing for a dry skin. It is particularly good for healing if the skin gets chapped, and for clearing up the little cracks that sometimes come during the cold weather. Both these preparations can be had at most of the leading chemists.

Lastly, let me remind you of an excellent preparation for keeping the hands smooth and white during the cold weather. This is Steiner's "Hand Milk," which not only softens but actually lightens the skin, due to the content of vitamin A. This "milk" has a lovely sort of honeysuckle fragrance, which, when you smell it, banishes winter and brings the thought of summer very close.





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## Corsets Silhouette Ltd. present LADY X

IN LADY X, the unique control-with-freedom of Silhouette's famous X design has been given its loveliest expression. The LADY X which the model is wearing is in a nylon elastic lace designed by Silhouette and woven by Heathcoat. Its lacy delicacy hides tremendous strength (in other words, figure-control power). The flexibly boned diaphragm-

control panel adjusts itself to the body length of the wearer. It is available in sizes from 26" to 33". The price is 7 guineas.

The LADY X design is available also in power-elastic nylon net, and sells at 5 guineas.

There is also a shorter (dipped front) model, made in sizes from 25" to 31", at 69/6.





AIR-CONDITIONING for cars is coming in. Already available on many American cars, like this 1958 Cadillac coupe de ville, it is beginning to be found on British models. A Rolls-Royce for the New York show will be fitted with it

MOTORING

OLIVER STEWART

## The trend to greenhouse cars

To those who like open-air motoring, with scarf flying in the wind, it is a horrid thought.

But there is no further doubt that it is coming; I mean the closed, pressure-vessel car body. Air-conditioning is available on a wide range of American cars, and in the New York Motor Show next month, Mr. A. F. McNeil, the James Young chief designer, intends to show a Rolls-Royce Silver Wraith seven-passenger touring limousine equipped with it. The air-conditioning will be controlled by a switch in the right-hand rear armrest.

Full air-conditioning is not a long way from pressurization, such as is now common in aircraft. By sealing the body and extending the control of air temperature and humidity, the occupants are given an artificial environment. When they step into their car of the future, pumps, valves, humidifiers, heaters and refrigerators will instantly come into action and give them optimum living conditions. There will be the secondary advantage that the car windows will no longer be openable so that there will be an effective bar upon the unintelligible hand flapping which still goes on and which, indeed, receives official approval and support.

Motorists indulging in sealed-vessel travel will be even more dependent than they now are on windscreen wipers and washers and demisters. During the blizzard at the end of February I faced the threat of immobilization miles from anywhere, for my wipers began to sweep a diminishing arc and the snow began to pile up on either side. Fortunately the wipers just managed to keep going; but if I had had another 50 miles in front of me I think that somebody would have had to come and dig me out of the snow.

Memories of two great names in motoring,

S. F. Edge and Napier, will be preserved among those who write about motoring by an apt and pleasant gesture of Mr. St. John Nixon, the present Chairman of the Guild of Motoring Writers. He has presented the silver cup originally given to Edge after the 1,000-mile trial of 1900, and it is to be held by the Guild's chairman each year.

The car was Edward Kennard's Napier which, Nixon tells me, was the first one made. On the fortieth anniversary of the trial, Edge had the cup re-engraved and presented it to Nixon. I was lamenting the disappearance of names famous in motoring in these columns the other day; but fortunately the name of Napier is still kept to the fore by the company's aircraft engines.

The President of the Guild, which now has a large membership, is the Duke of Richmond & Gordon. As the Guild grows and becomes ever more valuable to motoring, I feel some pride that I am one of the founder members. The Motor Show test day, which the Guild introduced, has proved a great success and has been looked on as a model by other countries.

Ashley Courtenay's book, *Let's Halt Awfully* has reached its 25th edition and the publisher says that a quarter of a million copies have been sold. It is an annual guide to hotels and inns and in the 1958 copy some 700 are treated. After making a test of this guide by going through the entries for places I know well, I can recommend it in the highest terms. One often hears regrets that we have nothing in Britain comparable with the French Michelin guide; but this work—although it does not attempt comprehensiveness—is in many ways more informative. I think that the naming of the owners and managers of the different hotels is a particularly good feature.

All the recommendations are the sequel to personal trials by Ashley Courtenay and his wife. They give a general appreciation of the kind of place and its surroundings, together with a photograph in many instances, and then they tabulate briefly the main facts about tariffs, licensing, whether service charges are made instead of tips, what form of heating is employed and so on.

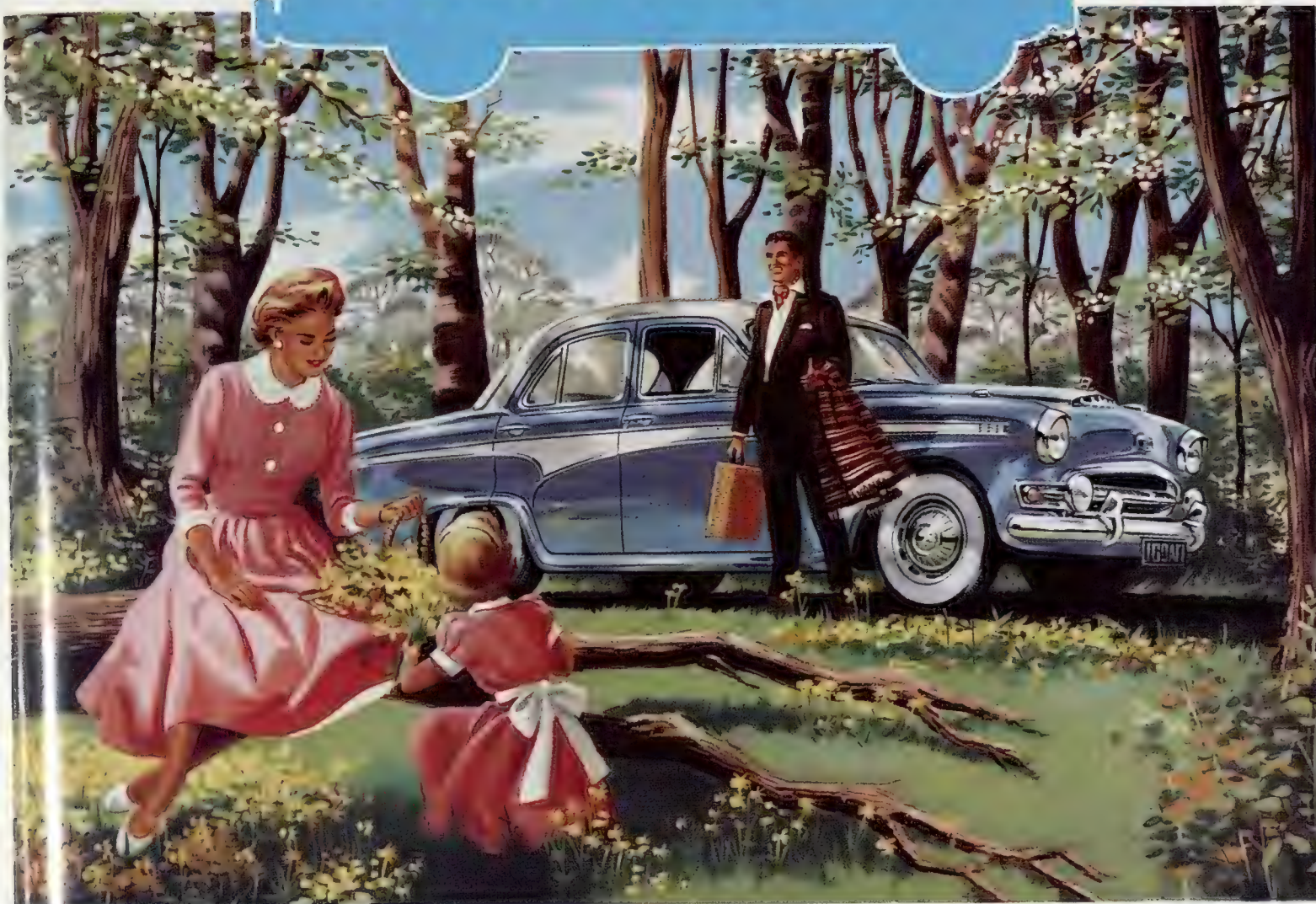
Selecting a place to go for a holiday out of the blue—that is without first going and looking at it—is dangerous; but I do not think that anyone who relied on this book would be disappointed. The price is 10s. 6d. and the book contains 416 pages.

European countries are likely to abolish documentation for taking a car across frontiers. That is wonderful news. It will give a further stimulus to touring abroad, which is already set for new records this year. All the same, the Automobile Association is obviously right in preparing all the documents for its members until the situation is finalized. Those with experience of some frontier officials—and I am not here talking of either France or Belgium—know that it is usually better to have too many documents than too few.

The next step after the abolition of car documents is the abolition of passports. I wish that the British Government would be rather more forthcoming and energetic in this, for many other governments are ready to take the step. It is, of course, a myth that passports control the movements of wrongdoers. They are the last people to be controlled by such elementary means. All that passports do is to hamper the movements of honest citizens. They should be abolished forthwith.



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**Miss Alexandra A. M. Welch**, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Welch, of Perrot Farm, Graffham, Sussex, has announced her engagement to Capt. the Hon. Richard Nicholas Crossley, 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, the younger son of Lord and Lady Somerleyton, of Somerleyton Hall, Lowestoft, Suffolk

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**Miss Hilary Mary Lindsay**, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Lindsay, of Littleworth Cross, Seale, near Farnham, is engaged to Mr. Julian Edwin Cook, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Cook, of Roydon Hall, Tonbridge, Kent



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**Miss Margaret Ann Vaux**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Vaux, of the Lodge, Shepton Beauchamp, Somerset, is engaged to Mr. William Arthur Burns, younger son of the late Mr. W. H. Burns, and of Mrs. E. C. Burns, of Ravelston Garden, Edinburgh



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**Miss Fiona Farquhar**, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Farquhar, of Hastingwood House, near Harlow, Essex, is engaged to Mr. Edward Orr Ewing, The Black Watch, son of Capt. David Orr Ewing, R.N., and Mrs. Orr Ewing, of Portpatrick, Wigtownshire

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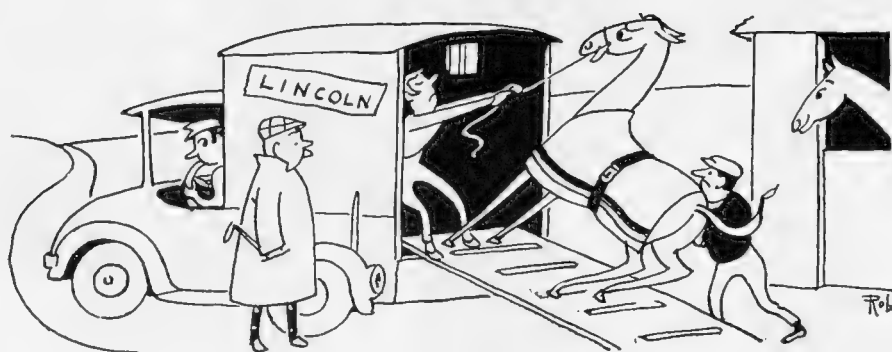
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## The first of The Flat

by DENZIL BATCHELOR

THE year 1849 left its little mark on the world. Cholera broke out in England. Queen Victoria visited Ireland. An underground revolutionary movement was unmasked in France to depose the newly elected President, Louis Napoleon. Edgar Allan Poe died. And the Lincolnshire Handicap was run for the first time, to be won by Lord Exeter's filly Midia carrying 4 stone 11 lb.

The most remarkable thing about that day's racing was that at the time the race was over two miles, and during the day Midia also won a two-mile heat in Her Majesty's Plate as well as the final of this race. How many fillies are there that could run six miles at racing pace in one afternoon nowadays?

Racing was first known at Lincoln in 1597, and a Gold Cup was in the card the year after Trafalgar; but it wasn't till the 'seventies that it became established as the first big event of the season. Indeed, it nearly disappeared from racing altogether. The bookmakers saved it by making a collection in the Ring to add £1,000 to the Stake, at the suggestion of the Duchess of Montrose. Their motive was not purely altruistic. The long-sighted view was that an event on which there was no form to guide backers should not be allowed to drop out of the calendar.

The Duchess loved the Lincoln. She won it with Oberon, a horse trained for her in a bitter winter by Alec Taylor, and actually tried in the snow. She refused to put sixpence on him, saying that he looked half trained.

"Quite right," said Taylor. "So he does. But have a look at the others. They're not trained at all."

The Duchess and the Wizard of Manton always fought at the meeting. The year after Oberon's win, on her way to bet on the rails, she asked Taylor for a tip for the Handicap. He named a horse, to be rewarded with a snort: "Do you call that a tip? It's in all the papers this morning."

Taylor said nothing, but when the Duchess made the same sharp demand of him next

year, he replied icily: "I'm sorry, Your Grace. I've been too busy to read the papers today."

Only one horse has won the Lincoln two years running, the strangely named French horse Ob, which won in 1906 (at 20-1) and the following year at 25-1. Ob's first victory was by a head



from Dean Swift, with Roseate Dawn third. The news reached Australia in telegraphese: *Lincoln Ob Dean Swift Roseate Dawn*. This was interpreted by one sub-editor as a news item important enough for the front page: *The death of Dean Swift, of Lincoln, author of the famous hymn "The Roseate Hues Of Early Dawn" was announced today.*

There have been some romantic winners of the season's first big race, none perhaps more interesting than Tomahawk, which won in 1874

with The Curate, the most heavily backed horse in the history of the Lincoln, beaten out of a place. Somebody said that the riding of the winner's 17-year-old jockey was sensational. The owner of the beaten favourite was in the mood to utter a few home truths. "Bah," he said, "We'll never hear his name again. You can depend on that." Judge for yourself—the winning jockey was Fred Archer.

Perhaps the most remarkable win in the race's history was that of White Bud in 1923. The six-year-old was sick and off his feed a day or two before the race. There seemed nothing for it but to scratch the animal, until the trainer, J. McCall, had the inspiration of tempting appetite with a mug of spiced old ale. White Bud lapped it up, tucked into the oats, started at 66-1, and won its connections more than £50,000.

Another remarkable winner was King of Clubs in 1926. Steve Donoghue had won the race in 1925; his mount the following year finished last—while his son, Pat, brought "The King" home at 100-1, a head in front of the favourite. King of Clubs was sold for £10 as a yearling; and later changed hands for £300. He had a pitch black coat; his owner was once approached to sell him to a hearse-proprietor who knew useful material when he saw it.

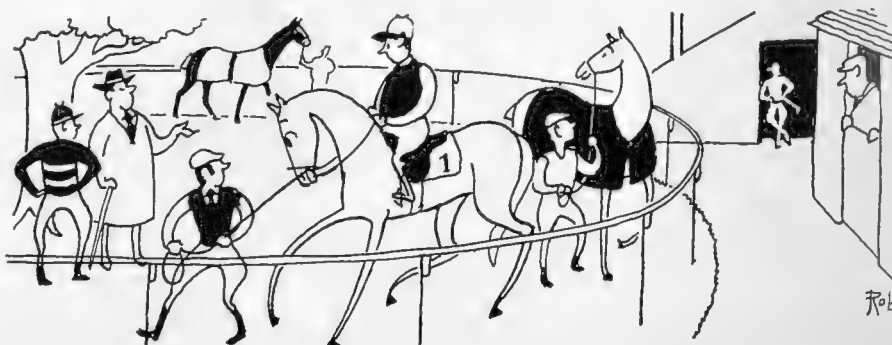
No wonder bookmakers like the Lincoln. Since King of Clubs, Elton (in 1929) and Jockey Treble (in 1947) have both won at 100-1; and the race generally seems to be won by a long-priced starter. Since the turn of the century only eight first favourites have come home.

The best horse that ever ran on the Carholme did not win the Lincoln. This was Sceptre, who carried only six stone seven pounds in 1932. In the same season the filly did what no other horse has done before or since, which was to reap home with four classics—everything but the Derby. As her owner remarked after her best race of the season: "It takes a good horse to lose the Lincoln."

It is amazing how this race meeting has re-established itself in public favour. I remember in the 'twenties seeing a football match being played in the middle of the course while racing was in progress; whereas today the meeting is one of the best loved in the calendar. The work done by the Corporation since 1939 to improve the course is one of the reasons for its popularity—flooding was always a possibility on the first four furlongs of the "Straight Mile" until the floodbank was built in 1947.

The statisticians tell me that the low numbers are best to follow in all races except the mile; and that D. and E. Smith and Harry Carr are lucky jockeys on this course, with F. Armstrong as the most formidable of trainers.

It may be true—but hardly anything is axiomatic about flat-racing in March.





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## DINING IN

# When executives cook

HELEN BURKE

**M**ORE and more, women holding important executive positions give dinner parties of their own cooking, either because they like to cook or because entertaining away from home is too expensive.

Here is a menu I saw recently which any woman who knows the rudiments of cookery could prepare and serve: *la tortue claire aux paillettes; le filet de sole au champagne; le poussin roti farci polonaise; les petits pois au beurre; les pommes Dauphine; le poire de comice belle Helene; le parfait glace praline; le cafe.*

One would be wise to cut out the fish course and leave the *poires Helene* to the hotel kitchen, serving instead, as a sweet perhaps, individual babas (bought) soaked in rum syrup. Just before the meal, warm the babas in the oven so that the sponge can absorb the syrup. Or, if the hostess-cook is good at it, there is *creme caramel*. Or, if there is a man in the party who likes it to extreme, a perfect bread pudding! And there is probably nothing more refreshing than a palate-cleaning slice of fresh pineapple with kirsch.

One can buy very good consomme, much better than one could make at home, for 1s. 9d. a tin, as well as bottles of turtle soup and kangaroo tail (mock) soup.

The poussins and the peas in butter are easy, but I would drop the *potatoes Dauphine* and substitute boiled tiny new potatoes finished in butter.

Part of the preparation can be carried out an evening in advance. I suggest double poussins instead of individual ones. The yield of meat is greater and the flavour better. Here is a recipe for *poussin Polonaise* which I can recommend: for 4 servings, have two good-sized double poussins drawn and cleaned. Put the washed giblets (except the livers) in a small pan and cover them with cold water. Add a *bouquet garni*, a chopped onion and carrot and a little pepper and salt. Cover and simmer for an hour or so.

Make the stuffing this way: gently cook a finely chopped onion in 1½ to 2 oz. butter until a pale gold. Add and fry the chopped chicken livers, then add 3 to 4 oz. fine breadcrumbs. (When grating these last, grate also an extra 2 to 3 oz. for the garnish.) Season with pepper and salt, a pinch of dried thyme and a teaspoon or so of chopped parsley. Put the stuffing and the chickens in a cool place, and leave overnight.

Next evening, fill the birds with the stuffing and secure the openings with small skewers. About 30 to 35 minutes before the meal, place the birds on their sides in the roasting tin. Then pour about 2 oz. melted butter over them and give them 15 minutes in a fairly hot oven (400 to 425 deg. F. or gas mark 6 to 7). Then turn them and cook the other sides, basting them twice during each period.

Fry the extra breadcrumbs in a little butter and hard-boil an egg. Rub the yolk through a sieve and finely chop the white. Remove the chickens from the oven and cut down their backs and breast bones with poultry shears, cutting the filling with a knife. Place the birds, cut sides down, on a heated serving dish. Brown an ounce of butter till it exudes a pleasant nutty aroma; pour over the chickens. Sprinkle with the fried crumbs, sieved yolk, chopped egg white and a little chopped parsley.

For the gravy: after pouring off excess fat, pour a little of the strained giblet stock into the roasting tin and rub it around to remove the delicious "crustiness." Strain into a heated sauce-boat.

Cheese is a "must" for some folk. I like to serve a piece of English cheese because, just now, there are some very good ones about. I have had two lots of the new sealed-in-transparent-bags Cheddar and Stilton. They were as good as any I have tried for a long time.





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## DINING OUT

### First tin your bee . . .

#### I. BICKERSTAFF

**I**HAVE become quite used to buying jars of bird's nest soup, shark fin soup, or tins of kangaroo tail soup for home consumption as a change from the ordinary dishes. I have even had octopus, reindeer and rattlesnake meat out of a tin, but I never imagined that I should find myself buying tins of boiled quail eggs, roasted caterpillars, fried ants, roast seasoned baby bees and fried grasshoppers.

This happened when I went to the opening of Gardner's magnificent food supermarket in Kensington, the grasshoppers and roast bees being available in what they call "Gourmet's Corner," where you can buy specialities from all over the world.

As there are no instructions on the tin about how or where they should be consumed, or in what manner, I await eagerly an expert pronouncement on the subject from colleague Helen Burke.

John Gardner's, who have been in the catering and food business for over 100 years, are an energetic firm. Not content with operating a large industrial catering enterprise and doing a considerable outdoor catering business at such places as the Oval, they possess a famous restaurant in Piccadilly, Hatchetts, much beloved by the younger generation who want to dine and dance without having to spend too much money.

If this were not enough, Gardner's have the Hind's Head at Bray near Maidenhead, a far-famed and fashionable 16th century hotel with a great reputation for its English food and its fine wine cellar. This is managed by Miss L. Williams who was there in the days when that renowned hotelier, Mr. Barry Neame, ran the place. Mr. Charles Gardner, the present chairman, takes a particular interest in this hotel as he often stays in the district.



It seems that further plots are afoot as I found when I visited a completely rejuvenated and cosy pub, the Prince of Wales, in the village of Shere in Surrey. It specializes in first-class grills (Scotch beef only being used) with potatoes baked in their jackets and stuffed with butter, supporting this by a short but adequate wine list. This pub is another and recently acquired John Gardner enterprise.

The Prince of Wales is being managed by Miss Pauline Anderson, who for several years managed the South Molton Lounge for Gardner's in the West End.

Another adventure was when I went to lunch at Quaglino's with an old friend. The main course was *le filet de sucre Armenonville*, which was new to me and quite remarkable. It consisted of the whole tail end of a *filet de boeuf* of great quality baked in a mixture of demerara sugar, dark sherry and butter. The *maitre chef de cuisine* at Quag's, Livio Borra, told me it must be basted frequently, and when finished should be crackly with burnt sugar on the outside, and underdone inside. For sauce, reduce the liquid left in the pan and add more sherry.

Reverting to the subject of exotic foods, the story of how bird's nest soup came into being is a delightful one.

In the time of Marco Polo, a humble fisherman living on the Mekong River was preparing his supper one evening. Wild duck, prawns, gin seng, a little of his prized ginger root, and rose-coloured milkweed went into the making of his aromatic soup. Mending his nets as he waited for his supper to cook, he saw a swallow's nest fall away from the eaves of his house and drop into his little cooking pot. Before he could get it out it had unravelled itself in his broth. Our hero, not wishing to start his cooking all over again, decided to eat his supper as it was.

This is the story you will be told should you be in Saigon and order *Consomme de Canard Cochinchinoise*, and ask about its origin.



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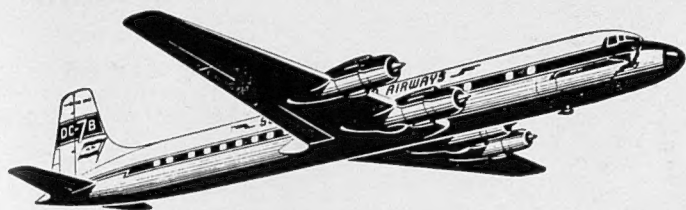
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